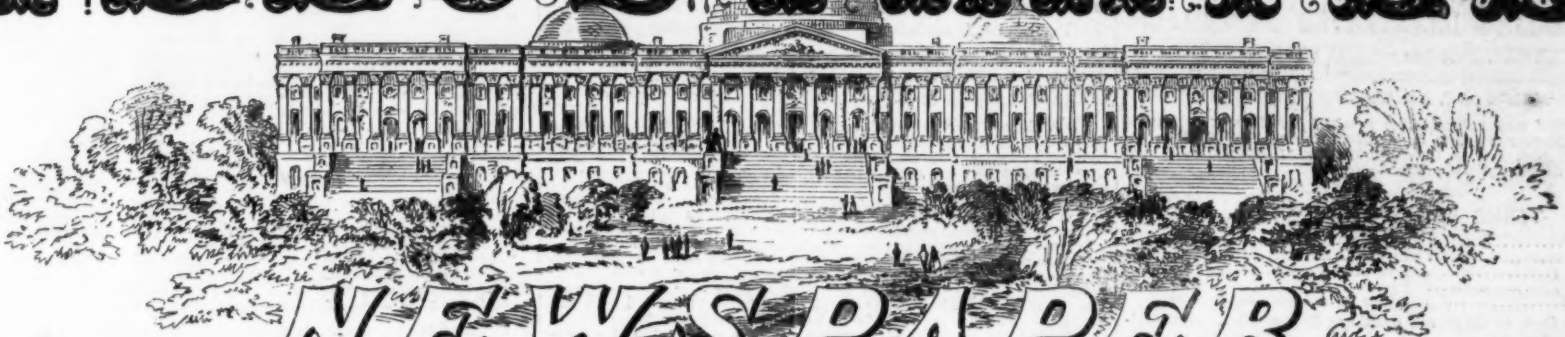


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



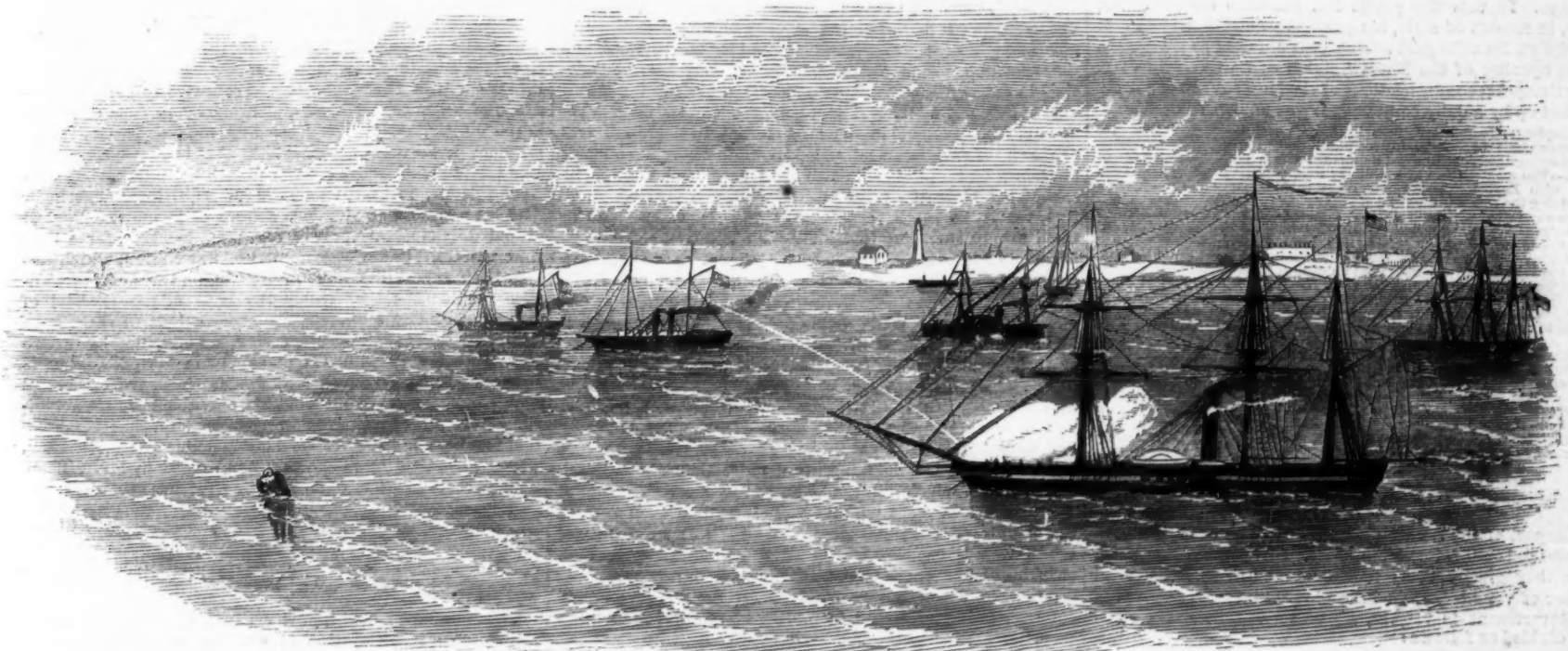
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

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Massachusetts.

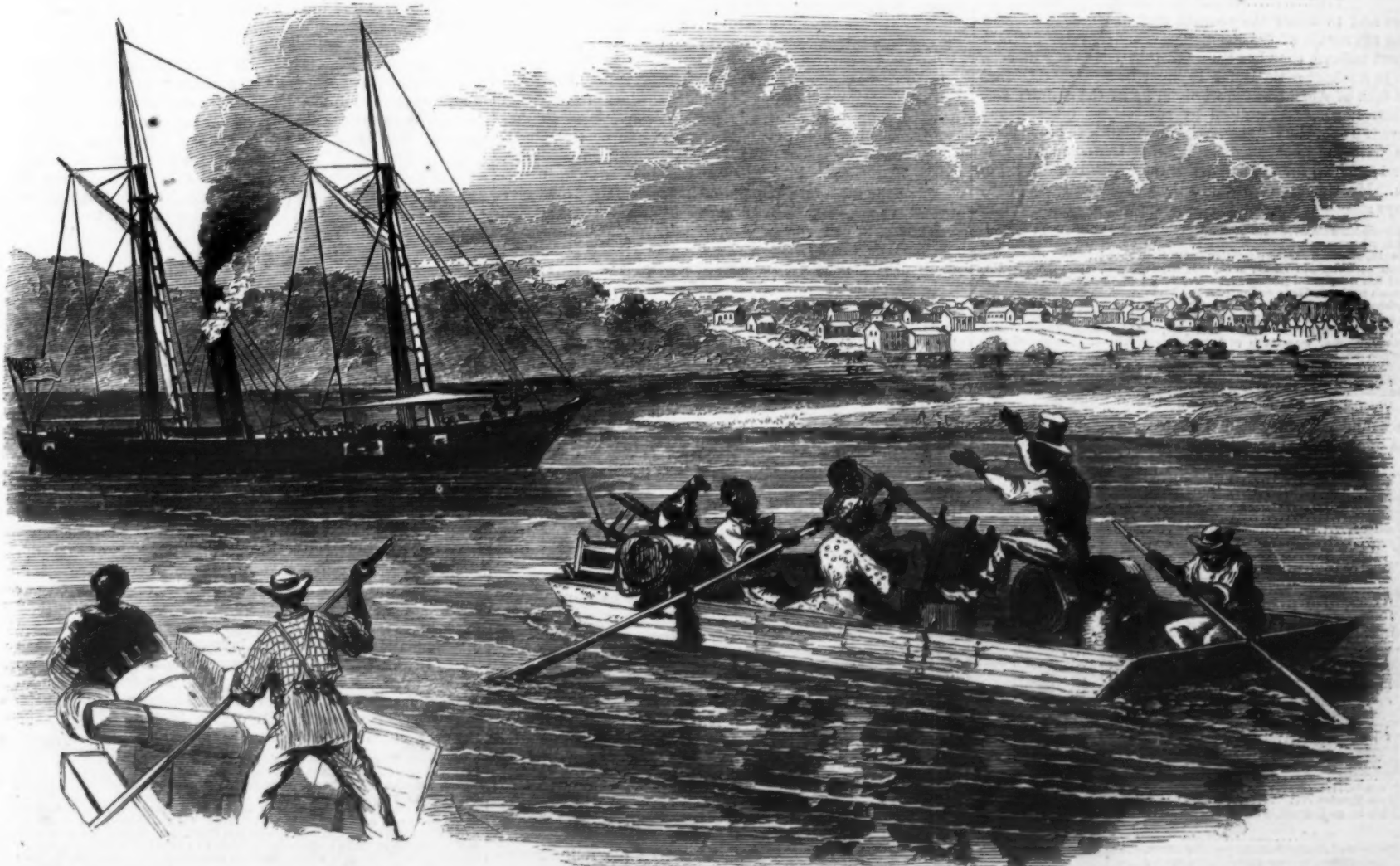
R. R. Cuyler

Rhode Island.

Mississippi.

Guard.

SHIP ISLAND, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI, FORTIFIED AND HELD BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS.—U. S. WAR STEAMER MISSISSIPPI FIRING ON A REBEL STEAMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE MISSISSIPPI.—SEE PAGE 70.



NEGROES ESCAPING FROM BEAUFORT, S. C., WITH PLUNDER FROM THE ABANDONED RESIDENCES OF THEIR MASTERS, STOPPED BY U. S. GUNBOAT SENECA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 70.

Barnum's American Museum.

THIS immense establishment offers the greatest combination of living marvels ever seen together, including a LIVING WHALE, from the coast of Labrador, swimming in a large tank; the LIVING HIPPOPOTAMUS from the River Nile in Egypt; a School of very large Speckled Brook Trout; 200 Educated White Hens, performed by Signor Pietro d'Olivieri, just arrived from Italy; the large Aquaria abounding with living fish, swimming in their crystal ponds of river and ocean water, &c., &c., besides Dramatic Performances daily at 3 and 7 o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cts. Children under ten years, 12 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Publisher—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

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The President's Message.

THE heart is oftener right than the head; and while no one expected to receive a stately document from President Lincoln, all looked for a simple, straightforward and earnest Message. In this the public has not been disappointed; while, in respect of style, his present production is a great advance on the colloquial affair which did duty as a Message at the opening of the Extra Session of Congress in July. The principal recommendations of the Message are concisely summed up by a daily contemporary as follows:

"Adequate and ample measures (in view of possible complications with foreign powers) for maintaining the public defence, including provision for defending the coast line and important points on the great lakes and rivers.—The construction of a military road (railway) connecting Kentucky with East Tennessee and Western North Carolina.—An act authorizing the commanders of sailing vessels in the eastern seas to recapture any prizes which pirates may make of United States vessels and their cargoes.—An appropriation for maintaining a *charge d'affaires* in Hayti and Liberia, thus recognizing their independence and sovereignty, and opening the way for advantageous commercial treaties with them.—The organization of the militia on a uniform basis.—The introduction of additional grades in the naval service.—Important modifications of the judicial system of the country, as respects the distinction between circuit and district courts, the number and rank of the judges, and the geographical limits of their jurisdiction.—The establishment of temporary tribunals for administering civil justice in the insurgent States.—A better organization of the Court of Claims.—A re-establishment of the original boundaries of the District of Columbia, through negotiations with the State of Virginia.—The organization of an agricultural and statistical bureau in the Department of the Interior.—The acquisition of some territory suitable by climate and location for the colonization of emancipated negroes under the paternal care of the Government.—A provision for accepting the value of negroes freed by State authority in commutation of direct taxes."

Report of the Secretary of War.

THE Report of the Secretary of War is a business-like production, and one of singular interest. Its figures will astonish while they gratify every friend of the Union. The total number of volunteers who have entered into the services of the Government is 718,512, of whom 640,637 are for the war, divided as follows:

	Volunteers.	Regulars.	Aggregate.
Infantry	557,208	11,175	568,383
Cavalry	54,654	4,744	59,398
Artillery	30,380	4,308	34,688
Rifles and Sharpshooters	8,395	—	8,395
Engineers	—	107	107
Total.....	640,637	20,334	660,971

If we add to these the seamen and marines, 22,000, we have an aggregate of 683,000 men now under arms—a larger force, we believe, than has been got together by any modern nation in so short a time; for it must be remembered that on the 15th of April last the whole army of the country was less than 12,000, demoralized by treasonable officers, and scattered all over the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was with the greatest difficulty that Gen. Scott got together 1,000 men for the defence of the Capitol on the 4th of March. Mr. Cameron reverts to these facts with just pride, and says:

"We have here an evidence of the wonderful strength of our institutions. Without conscriptions, levies, drafts or other extraordinary expedients, we have raised a greater force than that which, gathered by Napoleon with the aid of all these appliances, was considered an evidence of his wonderful genius and energy and of the military spirit of the French nation. Here every man has an interest in the Government, and rushes to its defence when dangers beset it."

"By reference to the records of the Revolution, it will be seen that Massachusetts, with a population of 350,000, had at one time 50,000 troops in the field, or over one-sixth of her entire people—a force greatly exceeding the whole number of troops furnished by all the Southern States during that war. Should the present loyal States furnish troops in like proportion—which undoubtedly would be the case should any emergency demand it—the Government could promptly put in the field an army of over 3,000,000."

The subjoined table, copied from the Report, shows the quotas of volunteers supplied by the various States:

States.	Three Months.	For the War.	Aggregate.
California	2,236	4,088	6,324
Connecticut	775	2,400	3,175
Delaware	4,941	80,000	84,941
Illinois	4,086	67,332	71,418
Iowa	908	19,800	20,708
Kentucky	—	15,000	15,000
Maine	708	14,239	15,007
Maryland	—	7,000	7,000
Massachusetts	3,435	26,750	30,185
Michigan	781	28,550	29,331
Minnesota	—	4,160	4,160
Missouri	9,350	22,130	31,480
New Hampshire	770	9,000	9,770
New Jersey	3,008	9,342	12,410
New York	10,188	100,200	110,388
Ohio	10,236	81,205	91,441
Pennsylvania	19,199	94,780	113,979
Rhode Island	1,285	5,898	7,183
Vermont	780	8,000	8,780
Virginia	779	12,000	12,779
Wisconsin	792	14,153	14,945
Kansas	—	5,000	5,000
Colorado	—	1,000	1,000
Nebraska	—	2,500	2,500
Nevada	—	1,000	1,000
New Mexico	—	1,000	1,000
District of Columbia	2,823	1,000	3,823
Total.....	77,875	640,637	718,512

Estimated strength of the regular army, including the new enlistments under the act of Congress of July 29, 1861.. 20,334

Total..... 660,971

Mr. Cameron, after noticing briefly the past operations of the army, speaks thus confidently of the future:

"Thus has it been made clearly apparent that, in whatever direction the forces of the Union have extended their protection, the repressed loyalty of the people, irresistibly manifesting itself, has aided to restore and maintain the authority of the Government, and I doubt not that the army now assembled on the banks of the Potomac will, under its able leader, soon make such a demonstration as will re-establish its authority throughout all the rebellious States."

On the absorbing subject of "What shall be done with the 'contrabands?'" Mr. Cameron, at the direct instance of the President, inserted in his Report the following paragraph in place of a much fuller, more explicit, and more sweeping declaration of his views contained in the original draft, and in the first copies of the report distributed to the press:

"It is already a grave question what shall be done with those slaves who are abandoned by their owners on the advance of our troops into Southern territory, as at Beaufort district, in South Carolina. The number left within our control at that point is very considerable, and similar cases will probably occur. What shall be done with them? Can we afford to send them forward to their masters, to be by them armed against us, or used in producing supplies to maintain the rebellion? Their labor may be useful to us; withheld from the enemy it lessens his military resources, and withholding them has no tendency to induce the horrors of insurrection, even in the rebel communities. They constitute a military resource, and, being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss. Why deprive him of supplies by a blockade and voluntarily give him men to produce supplies? The disposition to be made of the slaves of rebels after the close of the war, can be safely left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. The representatives of the people will, unquestionably, secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country."

Report of the Secretary of the Navy.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Navy is a creditable document, compact yet comprehensive, and in all respects satisfactory. It is not only a history of the operations of our Navy, but we had almost said of its creation. When the rebellion broke out our available naval force consisted of just a dozen ships—scarcely sufficient for ordinary police purposes. The other 30 vessels composing our old navy were off in the East Indies, in the Mediterranean, on the African Coast, and elsewhere, where Buchanan's Secretary of the Navy, Toucey, had permitted them to be sent in the interest of the traitorous Cabinet of which he was part. To recall these absent vessels, and to add to them others sufficient to institute an effective blockade of 2,000 miles of coast, as well as to protect our commerce, was not the work of a day. The task was rendered all the more difficult from the defection of a large part of the officers, whom Southern impudence and persistence had forced into this branch of the service. As we have said, our total effective Navy consisted, on the 4th of March last, of 42 vessels of all classes, carrying 555 guns, and manned by 7,600 men. On the 1st of December, nine months afterwards, it numbered 264 vessels, 2,557 guns, 218,116 tons, and upwards of 22,000 seamen. In other words, in that short period, it had been increased more than six fold—an increase unparalleled in the history of nations. The report recounts this increase without vainglory, and then goes on to recommend the enlargement and increase of our naval schools. It recommends (we have quoted the paragraph elsewhere) the employment of fugitive slaves, whenever practicable, with fair compensation for their labor; but in case this is impracticable, then to pass them over to the military. If the military cannot employ them, why then—let them go!

As regards the future, Mr. Welles proposes important additions to this already imposing force. For the construction of 20 iron-clad vessels he asks an appropriation of \$12,000,000; and for the purchase and fitting of merchant vessels \$4,500,000 more, which carries up the total naval expenditure for the year to \$48,145,551. By an outlay of \$50,000,000, therefore, the country will secure a fleet equal to any emergency.

As regards the achievements of the Navy, the insurgent coast has been so completely blockaded as to suspend almost totally its commerce. The seas have been so thoroughly scoured by our cruisers that but one or two piratical craft remain afloat; 153 vessels have been captured, mostly in the attempt to run the blockade, which, if estimated at the moderate average of \$25,000 each, would give a total value of prizes of about \$4,000,000. The rebel emissaries, Sidel and Mason, have also been captured. The harbors of Charleston and Savannah have been most effectually blockaded by the sinking of stone-laden vessels in the channels of their rivers. An expedition to Hatteras has achieved a signal victory there, established a valuable naval station, and raised a rallying point for the Union sentiment of North Carolina. Another to Port Royal has achieved a success retrieving the reputation weakened by previous failures; another to Tybee Island has practically given us command of the port of Savannah. These, however, are but the first of a series that must result in the Federal occupation of the whole rebel coast. The most important movement of this character is one in process of completion for overwhelming operations down the Mississippi river, which may be left to speak for itself in due time.

Report of the Secretary of the Interior.

THE Secretary of the Interior has necessarily but little to say concerning the great struggle which absorbs all minds. His report is nevertheless an admirable one, clear, comprehensive and concise. We quote a single paragraph which is not without its bearing on the subject of negro colonization:

"Within a little more than a year the Government of the United States, under contracts made with the Government of Liberia, through the agency of the American Colonization Society, have taken into that republic 4,500 Africans, recaptured on the high seas by vessels of our navy. They are supplied with food, clothing and shelter, medicines and medical attendance, for one year from the date of landing, and are thus brought within the civilization and christianizing influence of a Government founded and administered by intelligent and right-minded persons of their own race."

Good Things in Congress.

On the 3d, Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"Whereas, Henry C. Burnett, a member of this House from Ken-

tucky, is in open rebellion against the Government of the United States; therefore,

"Resolved, That the said Henry C. Burnett be, and he is hereby expelled from this House, and that the Governor of Kentucky be notified of his expulsion."

"Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms be directed not to pay Burnett his salary, which has accrued since the close of the extra session."

As Mr. Burnett was not present, there was no "objection."

On the same day, Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, Michael Corcoran, who was taken prisoner on the battle-field of Manassas, has, after suffering other indignities, been confined by the rebel authorities in the cell of a convicted felon; therefore,

"Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to similarly confine James M. Mason, late of Virginia, now in custody at Fort Warren, until Colonel Corcoran shall be treated as the United States have treated all prisoners taken by them on the battle-field."

Mr. Odell, of New York, offered the subjoined, which also passed unanimously:

"Whereas, Colonel Alfred M. Wood, of the 14th Regiment New York State Militia, who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, has now, by the rebel authorities, been ordered to confinement in a felon's prison, and by the same order is to be treated as a prisoner convicted of an infamous crime; therefore,

"Resolved, That the President of the United States be respectfully requested to order John Sidel to the same character of prison and to the same treatment, until Colonel Wood shall be treated as the United States have used prisoners taken in battle."

In the Senate, on the 4th, the following resolution, introduced by Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, John C. Breckinridge, a member of this body, has joined the enemies of his country, and is now in arms against the Government he has sworn to support; therefore,

"Resolved, That the traitor Breckinridge be expelled."

Secrets of the Prison-House.

WHEN the prisons of Rome were thrown open after the Revolution of 1848, and later, when those of Naples were investigated by Garibaldi, they were found to contain hundreds of prisoners who had undergone every form of suffering—hunger, cold, nakedness and filth—the victims of political persecution, or of crimes that had been forgotten. The world shuddered over the descriptions of their loathsome prisons, and wept over the recital of their sufferings. And yet a system as atrocious as that of Rome and Naples, attended by circumstances as revolting, has been for a long time practised in the very Capital of our Nation, which has just been exposed by Senator Wilson, on the floor of Congress. It seems that under the laws of the District of Columbia, or under the municipal regulations of the city of Washington, every negro entering the city, not known to have a master or without free papers in his possession, is presumed to be a runaway, and liable to be apprehended and imprisoned. During the past six months over sixty fugitives from rebel masters in Virginia have reached Washington, and been imprisoned in the city jail. Detective Allen, whose report on their condition was quoted by Mr. Wilson, says of the condition of these poor wretches:

"I find incarcerated in the city jail in this city, in the midst of filth, vermin and contagious diseases, on a cold stone floor, many without shoes, nearly all without sufficient clothing, bedding or fire, and all in a half-starving condition, sixty colored persons, male and female, confined because—in the language of their commitments—they were suspected of being runaways, and no proofs had been adduced that they were not runaways."

The reading of this report created a great sensation in the Senate, and on motion of Mr. Wilson, it was resolved that the laws now in force within the District of Columbia relating to the arrest of fugitives from service or labor, together with all laws concerning persons of color within the District of Columbia, be referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia, and that the Committee be further instructed to consider the expediency of abolishing slavery in the District, with compensation to the legal owners of the slaves.

It is to be presumed that the Government was in total ignorance of this outrage on men whose only crime is their color, inasmuch as, on the very same day Mr. Wilson made his motion in the Senate, Mr. Seward addressed a letter to General McClellan, by order of the President, setting forth that all such fugitives come under the provisions of the Confiscation Act of August 6th, 1861, and are to be regarded as free men, and directing General McClellan to arrest all persons who shall hereafter attempt to seize or imprison such fugitives.

"Gospel Truth;" or, Train a Trump.

WE are told we may learn wisdom from the lips of "babes and sucklings," and we have now found out that the world may gather much sterling truth from the modest lips of George Francis, whose surname is Train. In a characteristic letter to the *Herald*—which, we will venture to say, contains more matter of importance to the Government and the country than all the despatches of Adams, Dayton and Sanford combined—he tells us, with an apt illustration from that invention of the devil, the theatre, that "the entire dress-circle of England is accession to the backbone," but that "the English pit is sound, and goes for the Union one and indivisible. The boxes," he continues, "breathe hostility, but the galleries are true."

And so it is. The Government and aristocracy of England, and most of the stately newspapers which are their organs, hate us with a cordial hatred. They are jealous of our power and fearful of our future, and have found a faithful exponent in Bulwer Lytton, who hopes to see the Union dismembered, lest it might become more powerful than Great Britain! Miserable! We might quote Bulwer's base suggestions, but our space will be better dedicated to an extract from a letter from a workingman, Mr. Joseph Leasby, addressed to Capt. Jervis, M. P., and published in the *London Star* of November 30th:

"Suppose it were Ireland, instead of the Southern States of America, that had revolted, and that some article of commerce was raised there which America and other nations greatly needed, and that this article of commerce formed the only source of wealth to Ireland, should we allow a free exit from her ports of that which would supply the most ready means of carrying on the rebellion? Or should we not proclaim and maintain a blockade, and would not Capt. Jervis and his company say, 'Woe be to that person who attempts to break it?' Shame, shame will it be to England if she will not do to others what she would have others do to her. We may have to suffer, but I believe that workingmen of England, whatever may be the case with some of the merchants would rather endure any degree of suffering than bring so foul a blot

upon their country, as some at the present time would do. The sympathies of the workingmen are with the Northern States; many of them have been looking to those States as their place of refuge. Here the workingman is denied the franchise; there he is a citizen. Here he is pressed down by taxation; there it has been at its minimum. Here he is often destitute of employment; there it has been abundant. Here he often feels the intolerance of a dominant religious sect and clergy, established and supported by law; there is perfect religious freedom and equality."

The French Emperor.

Affairs in France are in a more critical condition than they have been since the revolution of 1848. As observed by the *London Times*, the troubles of the Emperor are coming, not "in single spies, but in battalions." Primarily, there is a short crop, so short as to necessitate the drawing down of the specie reserve of the Bank of France to the lowest point in the purchase of grain abroad, in order to avert the terrible cry of "Bread or blood!" which has more than once revolutionized France, and which is, even now, hoarsely uttered in Lyons and in Paris itself, beyond the power of the police to suppress. But apart from this, and apart from the complications of his foreign policy, which, in Italy certainly, if not in Mexico, is becoming entangled and uncontrollable, he has also found that his finances are becoming troublesome, and threaten not only a collapse of Government credit, but a convulsion in the state, which must seriously aggravate the difficulties incident to a short crop and insufficient occupation—the latter consequent on the American war.

So serious have his embarrassments become, under this conjunction of adverse circumstances, that he has been compelled to abdicate one of the prerogatives which he has hitherto exercised, and with greatest apparent effect as an element of power, namely, that of "opening credits," or, in more intelligible English, of drawing at will from the public treasury for any purpose he might deem necessary, or on whatever pretext he might assign. Under this practice, not only have the public expenditures exceeded the receipts, but the public credit has become so impaired, that, as we have said, the Emperor has found it necessary to deprive himself of the power, as well as of the temptation, to wanton with the public revenues. M. Fould, it seems, an eminent banker of Paris, had the courage to represent to him the fatal consequences of his recklessness; and, in a fit of penitence, the Emperor has made him Minister of Finance. He has done it with a certain degree of grace—the demagogue being still in the ascendant—and remitted the power of appropriation of money to the Legislature. This may, after all, be only an adroit way of "whipping the devil round the stump," for the French Legislature is, perhaps, the most abject body of flunkies that was ever got together on any pretext. Still, the change, apparent if not real, will satisfy France for the time being—and, after all, a Government in France is only a creature of expedients. Napoleon, nevertheless, has displayed his usual tact in yielding himself to circumstances, and with that "pride which apes humility," thus announces his abdication of power to a body whose "solemn deliberations" will be dependent on his slightest indications. After declaring that he renounces, for the public good, a right which was exercised by even the Constitutional Sovereigns who preceded him, he adds:

"Faithful to my origin, I cannot regard the prerogatives of the crown either as a sacred deposit, to be held untouched, nor as the inheritance of my forefathers, which must be transmitted intact to my son. As the elect of the people, and representing their interests, I shall always abandon, without regret, any prerogative useless to the public welfare."

Of course, among such a mercurial people as the French, this declaration has exercised a great effect on the Bourse, that unerring barometer of public opinion. There has been a heavy rise in Government 3 per cents., the Credit Mobilier and the railroad stocks of the Empire, and the bubble swells on, without immediate symptoms of bursting. But we all know it will burst, sooner or later, and—then?

Rejuvenation.

More than three quarters of a million of Northern men are pressing on the South, carrying with them not only arms, but the appliances of civilization, intelligence, industry and improvement. Washington has now the vigorous life of a Northern city, and even owl-haunted Alexandria feels the quickening impulse. "The place," says a correspondent, "looks as if roused from a dream. Cobwebbed houses and stores which have been for years only the coursing-grounds for lean rats, are now alive with inhabitants and crammed with merchandise; and if, as we believe, Congress will re-annex the city to the District, abolish slavery or buy it out, the place must soon become one of real importance. I have already invested some of my pay in property here, on the strength of the prospect." Our correspondent is not alone. Of the thousands who are now doing military "prospecting" in Dixie, a large number will stay and "enlarge the area" of Yankeedom.

Washington, that hitherto undisputed empire of hustling hackmen, and seat of hotels execrable and extortionate, has become *de-facto* a Northern city. "Willard's" has been civilised by Bonifaces who graduated in Philadelphia; and the desert of the "Avenue" is enlivened by shops which vie with those of Chestnut street and Broadway. Says a correspondent of the *World*:

"For the first time in its history Washington is a metropolis. The fever heat of urban clamor, gaiety and traffic has swollen its arteries, as it were, in a single day. The gold of the mountains and the plains could not have called the tumult of San Francisco and Melbourne into such sudden magical life as has sprung up in these once so mournful avenues and distances, answering to the bugle summons of war."

"Here is an army, counting its many tens of thousands, entreling and dependent upon this city for its luxuries and comforts. Here is also a swift increase of 50 per cent. to its lay population, and an influx of trade, beauty and fashion from the thrifty, courteous North. The yellow-haired sons of Maine, and brown-haired, patient giants from Indiana and Michigan, stalk through our spacious ways, staring at the huge classic columns and pediments of the National edifices as the Goths and Huns strode and stared among the hills and temples of Rome. One now sees a new race of women—fairer cheeks and more tasteful adornings than of old. Blue-eyed blondes hold their sparkling courts in saloons where full-bosomed Louisiana beauties, clothed in creole crimson and purple, were so long our undisputed queens. A hundred parlors, night after night, displaying groups of officers with their daughters and wives, and the always near, half-pleading, half-painful promises of battle, give Washington the tone and feeling which illumined Paris in a dozen wars of the Guises and the Fronde, and which had dramatic force in Brussels while the Hundred Days sped surely to their close."

"Broadway itself has been moved to Pennsylvania avenue. A kind of Vanity Fair flashes from show-windows, multifarious with every

modern ornament and invention, inviting with all eases and dainties, along either side of the princely thoroughfare from the Treasury building to the Capitol. A continuous procession of politicians, soldiers, officers, wagons, artillery, guards, belles, beaux, children, contractors and contrabands, ripples on from breakfast to midnight, through newly-opened money-coining booths and bazars. The meanest traders have made fortunes here this season. Men selling buckskin gloves, shoulder-straps, leggings, spurs, sword-knots, saddles, polishing oil, cigars, rum, wine, cards, candies, and what not—such men have grown from pedlars to princes, and will not stop growing till the war is over. How much one pays for being a gentleman! Were I now a sutler, or a vendor of sutler's stores, I should own a country seat on the Hudson next summer. As it is, such as myself scrawl daily with the pen, and try to be patriotic, for—but that is neither here nor there."

The Battle of Ball's Bluff.

THE American correspondent of the *London Times*, in his last letter, reverts to the murderous blunder of Ball's Bluff, and observes that, after all the official explanations that have been made, "it looks all the worse the more clearly it is seen." Gen. McClellan never gave Gen. Stone an order to advance across the Potomac. That officer seems to have taken the step on his own responsibility, with means fearfully and criminally inadequate. The result was the butchery of the National troops under the lamented Baker, coupled with every circumstance of horror. The war, fruitful as it has been in exhibitions of military incompetence and want of foresight, affords no example so flagrant as this; and yet there seems to have been a settled purpose in Washington to conceal the facts and shield the delinquent. It has been intimated that Gen. Stone acted under some sort of advice or incitation from Gen. Scott, of which Gen. McClellan was ignorant; but the prevalent opinion is that he acted on his own responsibility. However that may be, the public feeling has been from the start that there should be a searching investigation of the case, and it is only to be regretted that the military authorities have not undertaken it. As it is, Congress has been obliged, in deference to the popular demand, to take up the matter. On the very first day of the Session, Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of this State, introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That the Secretary of War be requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to report to this House whether any, or, if any, what measures have been taken to ascertain who is responsible for the disastrous movement of our troops at Ball's Bluff."

If it be true, as reported by the Washington correspondent of the *World*, that Gen. Stone not only "deprecates any public criticism on his misfortune," but even "threatens condign punishment upon any one who, from a mistaken sense of duty," should venture to comment on it—if this be true, it shows that the investigation proposed by Mr. Conkling was not only required, but has been too long delayed.

Decoration of the Capitol.

IN our number of the 7th we gave some account of one of the grand paintings now executing by Leutze for the Capitol at Washington. We have now to add a description of the bronze doors, for that grand edifice, modelled by Rogers, which have just been cast at Munich, in Bavaria. The description is by an English writer:

"The bronze doors intended for the Capitol at Washington, designed and modelled at Rome by the American artist, Rogers, have lately been on view at the Royal Foundry, where they were cast. The workmanship, as is always the case with whatever emanates from the Munich foundry, is admirable. There is a sharpness in the lines and a finish in the minutest detail which are in the highest degree creditable. Of the doors themselves it is not easy to convey an adequate idea by a mere description; for an enumeration of all that is represented might induce the belief that there was a crowding of objects, and that the allotted space was overfilled; and this is not the case. Each door—the whole forms a folding-door—is divided into four compartments or panels. Thus, with a semi-circular space above, which has the breadth of both the doors together, there are nine divisions, in each of which an important moment of Columbus's life is represented."

"The figures stand out in full relief, and some of the groups are eminently successful. The crowning event of the discoverer's career occupies the commanding spot over the top of the doors. Here Columbus, standing on a mound, forms the central figure. He has just landed from a boat, and with the standard of Arragon and Castile planted upon the new soil, and with sword upraised in his right hand, he takes possession of the land in the name of his sovereigns. Some boatmen are still in the skiff, others are kneeling on the shore, while a group of Indians, peeping from behind a tree on the opposite side, look on in wondering astonishment. In one compartment is represented the triumphal entry of Columbus into Madrid, on his first return from America, amid crowds of gazers at him, the hero of the triumph, and at the Indians, who precede the procession, with parquets on their upraised arms."

"The next panel is occupied with a sadder story. Here Columbus, in chains, surrounded by a sorrowing population, is about to embark for Europe. Then, the 'last scene of all,' accomplishing his 'strange eventful history,' we see him on his deathbed, attended only by a nun and some priests, who administer to him the consolations of religion. His son stands beside him. In the thickness of the door itself niches are formed at certain intervals, and in these are small whole-length figures of the great contemporaries of Columbus—kings, statesmen, ecclesiastics and warriors. In the centre, close to each other, are two such lines of niches, while on both sides a single row of figures, one above the other, fills up the intermediate space between the outer edge of the panels and the door-post. The large bosses, so often seen on doors, are here the heads of those historians who have written on the discovery of America."

"The ornaments below each niche are heads of animals indigenous to the country, with fruits and flowers entwined, also characteristic of the New World. Every ornament is appropriate, and though they are manifold there is no confusion. As there will be no chance of the work being forwarded to the place of its destination for some time to come, it might be possible to induce the authorities to allow it to be sent to England meanwhile, where it could not fail to be looked at with the greatest interest. The Exhibition of next year might present the desired opportunity for taking such a step. The artist would be glad that so good an occasion offered for making his work known; and the Americans would surely not be unwilling to show the world how munificently they had come forward to erect a grand national monument."

SLIDELL AND MASON.—We are glad to find that the Secretary of the Navy coincides in the view expressed from the start in these columns, that Commodore Wilkes would have been justified in capturing the steamer *Trent*, and bringing her into this port, where she would have been liable to condemnation under every principle of maritime law, and under the ruling of the English courts. Secretary Welles says:

"Captain Charles Wilkes, in command of the *San Jacinto*, while searching in the West Indies for the *Sumter*, received information that James M. Mason and John S. Reid, disloyal citizens and leading conspirators, were with their suite to embark from Havana in the English steamer *Trent*, on their way to Europe, to promote the cause of the insurgents. Cruising in the Bahama channel he intercepted the *Trent* on the 8th of November, and took from her these dangerous men, whom he brought to the United States. His vessel having been ordered to refit for service at Charleston, the prisoners were retained on board and conveyed to Fort Warren, where they were committed to the custody of Colonel Dimmick, in command of that fortress."

"The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion merited and received the emphatic approval of the department, and if a too generous forbearance was exhibited by him in not capturing the vessel which had these rebel enemies on board, it may, in view of the special circumstances, and of its patriotic motives, be excused; but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter, for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations, by foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade."

This view, we repeat, is in strict conformity with the principles laid down by the great authorities on International Law. Vattel (book iv., chap. v., sec. 64), after speaking of the right and importance of embassy between different nations, observes: "But this is to be understood only in a time of peace; war introduces other rights. It allows us to cut off from an enemy all his resources, to hinder him from sending ministers

to solicit assistance." And Mr. Secretary Marcy, an authoritative American exponent, April 15th, 1854, wrote: "As the law has been declared by the decisions of the Courts of Admiralty and elementary writers, it allows belligerents to search neutral vessels for articles contraband of war and for enemy's goods."

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861.—The Pictorial History of the War in the United States is a magnificent publication, and as a literary production stands high. Its pages are about 18 by 24 inches in size; the paper on which it is printed excellent; the type used is large and clear, and the engravings among the most spirited and best finished of the art. It should be in the hands of every one, and the numbers should be preserved for binding, as when complete it will form a very comprehensive record of this most memorable epoch of American history.—*British Herald, Toronto, Canada West.*

"DO TELL!"—"Lord Lyons," says a New Brunswick paper, "will, in all probability, be instructed to demand his passports and leave Washington at once, without holding any other communication with the Federal Government."

ALARMED.—The greatest alarm prevails among the rebels on the lower Mississippi, in view of the vast expedition now organizing on the upper waters of that stream. Volunteers for thirty days are called for in Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas, and Governor Harris of Tennessee has ordered a general draft of all able-bodied men to resist the invasion. Large numbers have in consequence left the State, or are fleeing to the mountains. It is said that between 600 and 800 have left Nashville alone to escape the conscription. This measure will probably have quite a different result from that contemplated by Governor Harris. If driven to the extremity of taking up arms, the Union men will prefer to do so on the side of their principles and sympathies, and we may soon expect to hear of a large force under Brownlow and the other loyal leaders of Eastern Tennessee. At any rate, men fighting under compulsion will not do much in the way of resisting the great Western Expedition.

NEGRO TROOPS AT NEW ORLEANS.—A New Orleans dispatch says, Governor Moore and Generals Lovell and Ruggles, on the 24th ult., reviewed 25,000 troops, including 1,400 free colored men.

CONDEMNED OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS.—In the instructions which Mr. Toombs, as Secretary of State, gave to privateers, we find the following passage: "Neutral vessels conveying enemies' despatches or military persons in the service of the enemy, forfeit their neutral character, and are liable to seizure and condemnation." If we had applied this general rule to the *Trent* she would have been lying in one of our harbors as a prize.

Congressional Summary.

TUESDAY, December 3.—The President's Message was sent to both Houses, also the reports of the Secretary of War and of the Secretary of the Navy, and Postmaster-General's report.

In the Senate, a resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Dupont, and the officers, seamen and marines serving under him, for the "decisive and splendid victory achieved at Port Royal," was offered, but laid aside until the formation of the standing committees. The Vice-President was authorized to fill the vacancies in the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, occasioned by the death of Senator Douglas and the expulsion of Mr. Mason, of Virginia.

In the House, Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, presented the credentials of Mr. Clements, representative elect from the Fourth District of that State, which was referred to the Committee on Elections. Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, offered a resolution expelling Henry C. Burnett, of Kentucky. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, made a speech on the question, in which he recapitulated the acts of the rebels to force Kentucky out of the Union, and concluded with the prediction that before the 20th of December not a hostile foot of a rebel will be found treading the soil of Kentucky. The resolution expelling Mr. Burnett was adopted, and the payment of whatever salary may be due him was ordered.

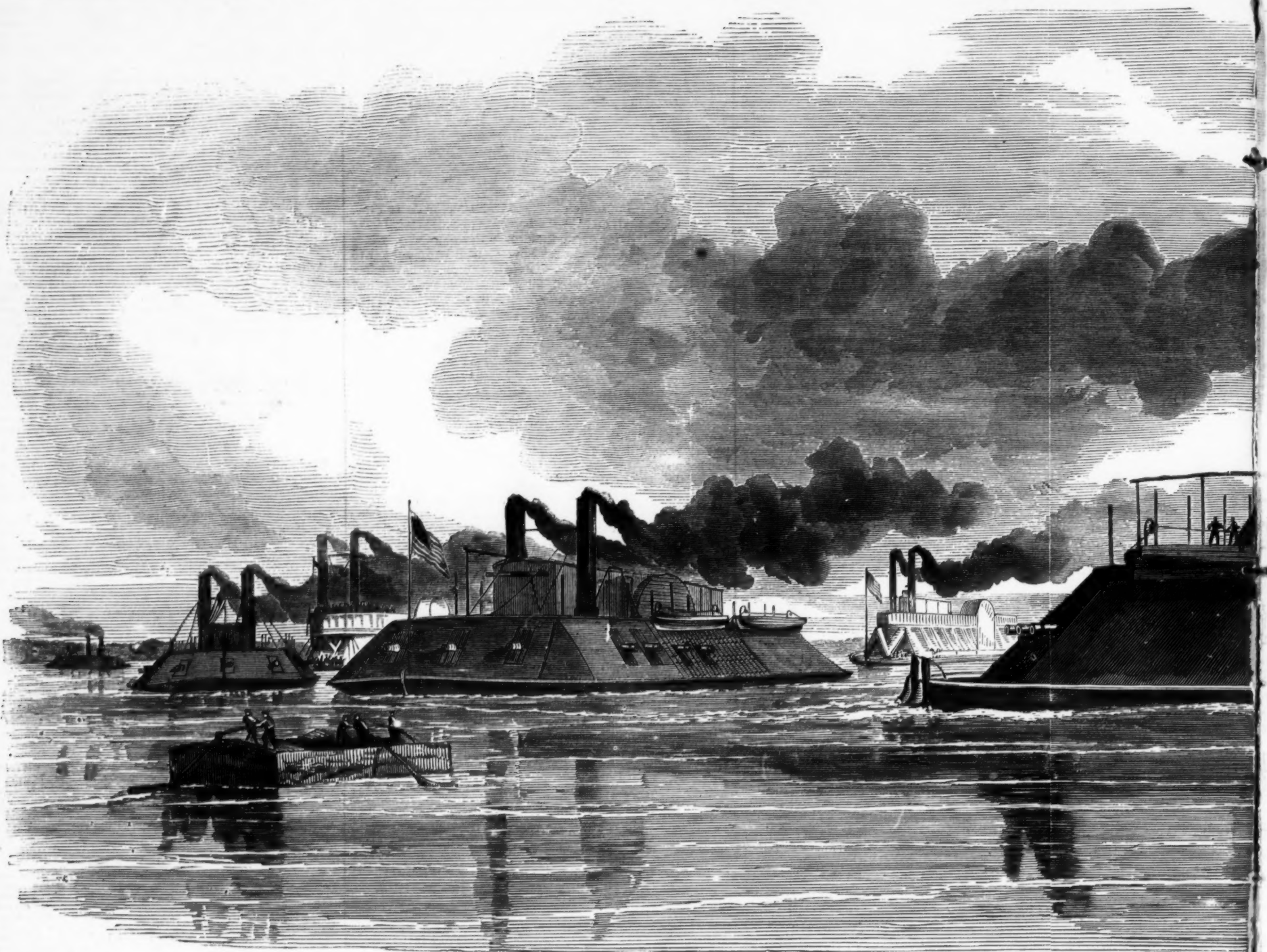
WEDNESDAY, December 4.—In the Senate, a resolution expelling John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, now an officer in the rebel army, was offered, but objected to by Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, on the ground that as Breckinridge had already resigned he could not be expelled. The resolution, however, was adopted by a vote of yeas 36, nays none. The standing committees were then announced. They are mainly the same as at the last session. Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution providing for the release of slaves confined in prison in Washington. The subject was referred to the Committee on District of Columbia Affairs. On motion of Mr. Wilson, the same committee were directed to consider the question of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, allowing compensation to loyal owners of slaves. Mr. Salisbury, of Delaware, proposed the appointment of a commission, consisting of Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Roger B. Taney, Edward Everett, George M. Dallas, Thomas M. Ewing, Horace Binney, Beverly Johnson, John J. Crittenden and George C. Pugh, to confer with a like number of commissioners from the so-called Confederate States, with a view to the restoration of peace, the preservation of the Union, and the maintenance of the Constitution, and that during the pendency of the deliberations of the joint commissioners active hostilities shall cease. This proposition was promptly laid on the table. The Secretary of War was, on motion of Mr. Sumner, requested to furnish copies of General Halleck's orders to the army in Missouri referring to fugitive slaves. Mr. Gurley gave notice of a bill to confiscate and declare free the slaves of rebels, also providing for their apprenticeship to loyal masters and subsequent colonization. Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, offered a resolution directing inquiry as to what shall be done with 45 slaves now in prison at Washington, and to prevent slaves from being similarly imprisoned hereafter. Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire as to the practicability and expediency of acquiring, in a "congenial clime" on any part of this continent, or on the adjacent islands south of the United States, a right to colonize and protect free negroes who may emigrate thereto. The resolution was adopted. Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, asked leave to introduce a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but objection was made by Mr. Cox, of Ohio. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for information respecting the intervention of France, England and Spain in the affairs of Mexico. A resolution requesting the President to adopt measures for an exchange of prisoners of war was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, introduced a preamble and resolutions reaffirming the Crittenden declaration as to the cause and object of the war, which, on motion of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, were laid on the table, by a vote of 71 against 68. A bill was introduced providing for the restoration of Alexandria county, Virginia, to the District of Columbia.

THURSDAY, December 5.—In the Senate, Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, obtained leave to record his vote in favor of the expulsion of the traitor Breckinridge. Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the causes of the disasters to our arms at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff. An amendment was offered to extend the inquiry so as to embrace the battles of Springfield, Wilson's Creek and Lexington. The amendment was rejected, and the subject was postponed. Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, moved to take up the resolution to investigate the case of Colonel Miles, a division commander at the battle of Bull Run. Mr. Grimes said that a Court of Inquiry had found that Colonel Miles was intoxicated to a certain extent—enough to justify Colonel Richardson in applying epithets to him, but not enough to remove him from command. Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, introduced his bill for confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels. Mr. Trumbull recapitulated the main points of the bill. The bill was ordered to be printed and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire, gave notice of an amendment to the Fugitive Slave Law. The Senate then went into executive session.

In the House, Mr. Gurley, of Ohio, offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire as to whether a censorship over the telegraphic dispatches of the press has been established, if so, by whose authority, and by whom it is controlled; also to report if such censorship has not been used to restrain wholesome political criticism and discussion, while its professed object has been to withhold information relative to military movements from the enemy. Mr. Blair's project of colonizing negroes in Central America was adopted in Committee of the Whole, then rejected by the House, but subsequently referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Lovejoy introduced a bill repealing all laws requiring passes of negroes going northward, to take effect immediately. It was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia. Adjourned to Monday, 9th.

THE transport *Atlantic*, on her return to Port Royal, took out a printing press, cases, type, etc., with a view of starting a newspaper, to be conducted under the supervision of General Sherman.

THE President's Message, delivered in Washington at noon on the 3d, was received by telegraph at San Francisco, and published in full on Thursday morning, the 6th.



Louisville.

Carondelet.

Transport.

Pittsburgh.

Transport.

WAR IN THE WEST—THE NEW GUNBOAT FLOTILLA, COMMODORE FOOTE, BUILT AT CARONDELET, MISSOURI

THE GUNBOAT FLOTILLA INTENDED FOR THE GRAND EXPEDITION DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE gunboats recently built at Carondelet, Missouri, for service in the proposed great expedition down the Mississippi river, are 175 feet long, 51½ breadth of beam, and carry 13 very heavy Dahlgren guns. They were constructed under the superintendence of Mr. James B. Eades, and are covered with railroad iron in front, at the stern and on the sides, completely protecting the machinery, and that it is cased on very heavy oak timber. They draw five feet of water, and move very well. They will be commanded by Commodore Foote. The boats are painted black.

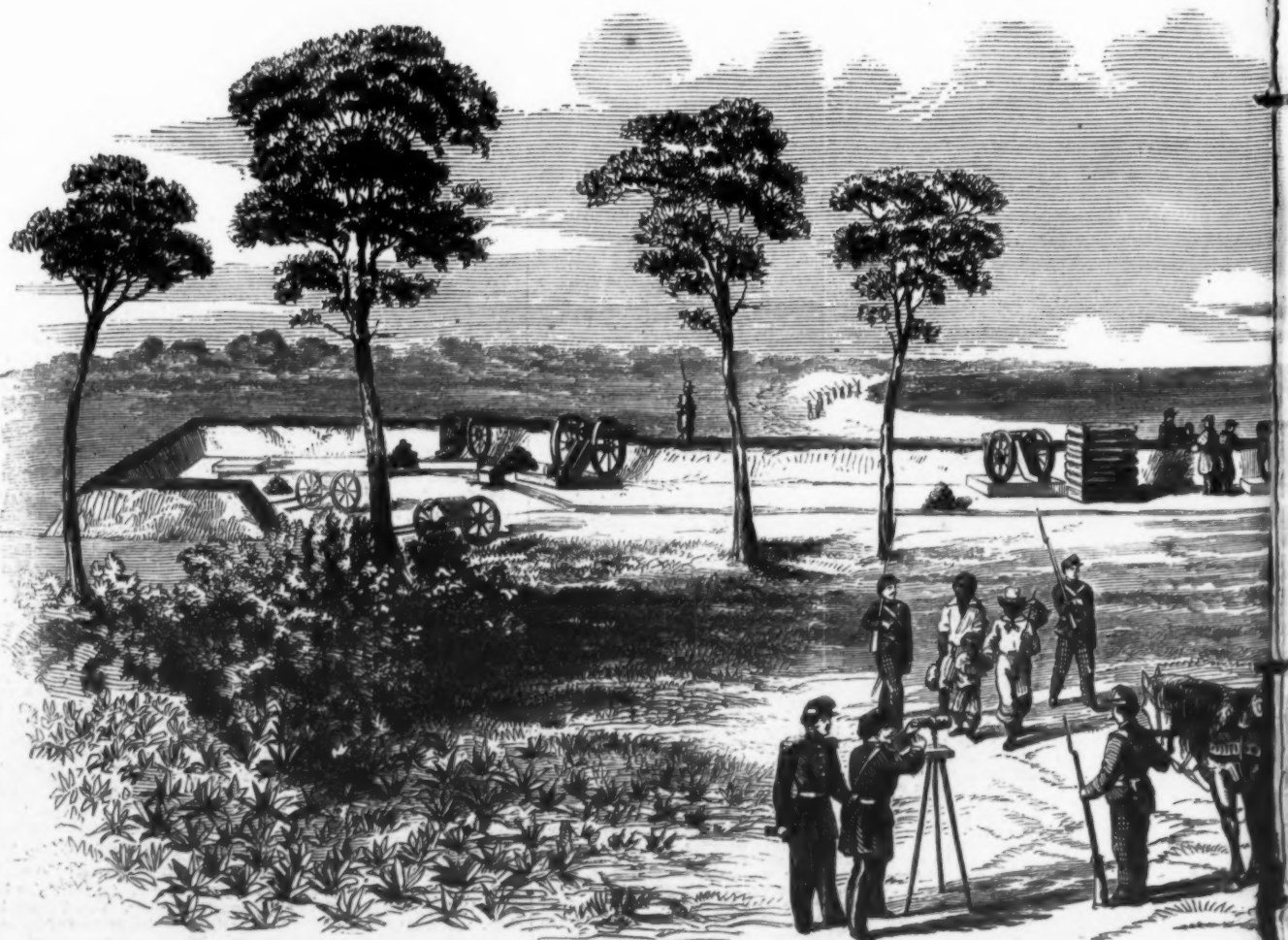
Besides these a number of novel mortar boats or floating batteries are in course of construction, and will soon be ready to be put in commission, forming with the gunboats a very powerful fleet. Our Artist writes of them: "I have sent you, from different points, sketches of various styles of Mississippi 'men-of-war,' hoping that at no distant day I should combine them into one grand naval picture in the 'bay' of Cairo. But every day reveals new styles of vessels. I was requested a few days ago to visit the northern part of St. Louis, and inspect the gunboats at the Upper Ferry landing. On arriving in that vicinity I was directed to a woodyard on the river bank, and looked down on a large number of wood boats, and what appeared to me an assembly of empty coal barges. Not seeing any gunboats, I asked a bystander where I could find them. He pointed to the nondescripts at my feet, with the laconic answer, 'Them's 'em!' And sure enough, 'them was 'em.'"

"These boats are intended to carry one very heavy mortar each. They are flatboats, very strongly built, and are moved by six oars, or 'sweeps,' as flatboatmen call them, two on each side and one at each end. They have breastworks of boiler iron about seven feet high, heavy enough to withstand the discharge of musketry and light field artillery. They will be covered with strong awnings to protect the men and armament from the weather. Their length is 70 feet, width 25 feet, and they are 38 in number. They are painted black and numbered, and are altogether a very curious looking fleet, evidently better adapted for hard work than for comfort."

REDOUBT NEAR FORT BEAUREGARD, PORT ROYAL, S. C.

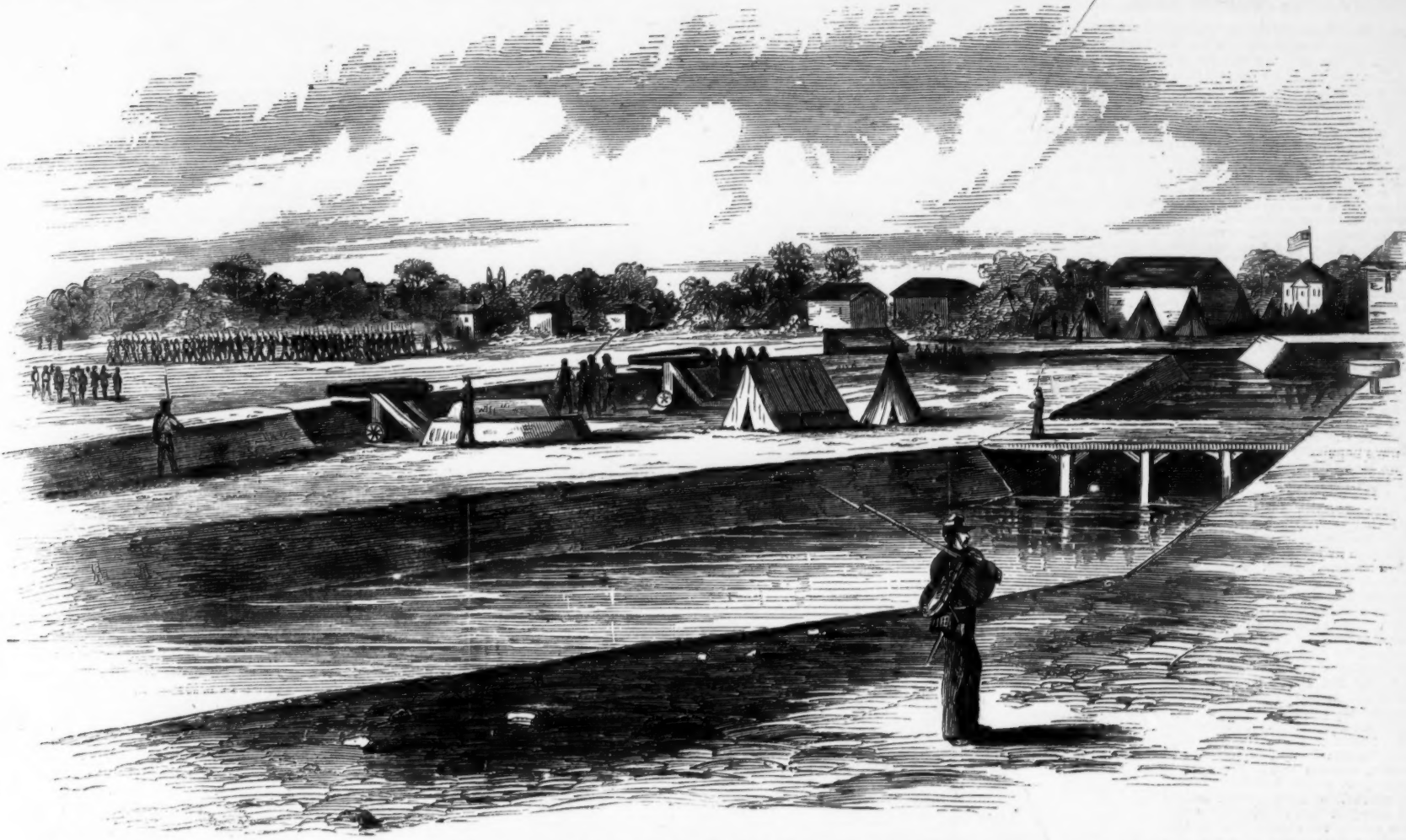
THE redoubt we picture on this page is situated about two miles to the eastward of Fort Beauregard, on Edding Island, and is immediately open to the Atlantic. It was abandoned by the Confederate troops simultaneously with Colonel Elliott's retreat with the garrison of Fort Beauregard, on the 7th of November, and was occupied by the National forces on the day following. The guns are heavy brass field pieces, but the works were in a very unfinished state.

This fortification is now garrisoned by the 79th Highland-



THE SOUTHERN EXPEDITION—VIEW OF AN OUTLYING BATTERY TWO MILES EAST OF FORT BEAUREGARD

ARTIST ACCOMPANYING



THE SOUTHERN EXPEDITION—VIEW FROM THE INTERIOR OF FORT WELLES, LATE FORT WALKER, HILTON HEAD ISLAND, LOOKING INLAND, SHOWING THE DEFENCES FROM THE LAND SIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 70.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the belligerent tone of the Canadian press, there are orders in Chicago from Canada for 73-10 per cent. Treasury notes. Solomon Sturgis & Son sold several thousand dollars' worth at par to Canadians in one day.

PROFESSOR BACHE sends out a corps of men now with every expedition South, to complete the Coast Survey in any point where it may be deficient, to note any change in the soundings of the channels, and to act as guides and pilots to the different steamers whose officers are ignorant of the coast.

One hundred and sixteen marriage licences were issued from the Clerk's office of the District of Columbia during the month of November. A large proportion of the bridegrooms are soldiers.

"PERLEY," of the *Boston Journal*, writes from Washington that it has been determined that the 600,000 suits of uniforms soon to be ordered shall be more showy and more varied and distinctive than the present regulations prescribe. A board of officers will soon commence its session, and it is expected that they will adopt more becoming uniforms than those now worn.

A LINE of canal communication can be opened for ships of the capacity of 1,000 tons, from Lake Michigan at Chicago, via the Illinois river, to the Mississippi, and thus every State west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rocky Mountains be placed in direct communication with the lakes.

EVERY commissioned officer in the 7th Iowa Volunteers was killed or wounded in the battle of Belmont.

NATIVE Americans form the majority in more than three quarters of the regiments. In six regiments the Germans are in a majority, and in five regiments out of a 100 the majority are Irish. Nineteenth of all are citizens, and three-fourths of all are single men.

OUT OF 68,000 letters sent off by one Massachusetts regiment in Maryland since its departure from home, 25,000 were addressed "Miss," and 21,000 "Mrs." So says a letter-writer, who adds: "The figures show that the females receive much the largest share of attention, and this is just as it should be. It is rather significant of the material of the 13th that 'Miss' receives so large a share of its letter-writing patronage."

THE plates for the iron-plated steamer now building in Philadelphia are curiosities. They are 15 feet long, about 30 inches wide, by four inches thick. The four edges are planed true, and ploughed and grooved like floor boards, the grooves being an inch wide by a half inch deep. The plates are secured to the planking by bolts from the inside, whose ends are screwed into holes some two inches deep in the

plate. The plated surface is seven feet high, four feet being under water and three above, reaching to the spar deck. Shot striking the vessel will glance off, owing to her angular sides. This frigate will be 230 feet long, 60 feet beam, 14 feet draught, and of 3,500 horse power, with a flat bottom. Her engines are to be so provided that her smokestack may be shot away without impairing their efficiency. She is to be finished in July.

AN Important Army Order has just been issued by the Secretary of War, which directs that all officers and enlisted men of the Volunteer service, now prisoners in the hands of the enemy, or reported missing in action, or who may hereafter be taken prisoners or reported missing, shall be transferred to skeleton regiments, to be formed by the Governors of the respective States, and to consist entirely of such officers and men—the vacancies thus occasioned in the organized regiments to be filled by the Governors.

WAR NEWS.

Capture of the Albion.

THE schooner *Albion*, of Nassau, N. P., formerly the *Lucy Waring* of Baltimore, arrived in this city on the 1st, in charge of Master's Mate Geo. N. Hood, and a prize crew from the U. S. steamer *Penguin*. The *Albion* was captured by the *Penguin* after a three hours chase, on the 25th ult., while heading for Edisto Island, near Charleston, S. C., with the intention of running the blockade. She is laden with a cargo estimated to be worth \$100,000, consisting of salt, oil, tin, fruit, and also ammunition, saddles and cavalry equipments. When brought to by the *Penguin's* guns she reported herself bound for New York, from Nassau, with fruit and salt, but upon searching her the additional cargo of contraband of war was found on board. The officers are citizens of Savannah.

Route of the Rebels in East Tennessee.

THE Memphis (rebel) papers contain an account of a great battle at Morristown, East Tennessee, between the Federal forces under Parson Brownlow, and the rebels, which was fought Dec. 1, in which the Parson's forces were victorious. The rebel dispatches call it the "first Union victory of the war." Brownlow had 3,000 men. The rebel force is not ascertained. Morristown, the scene of the action, is in Granger county, East Tennessee, about 30 miles south of Cumberland Gap, and 225 miles east of Nashville. It is on the line of the great Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, through which nearly all the supplies and troops come from the South to Richmond. It is also a fire in the rear of the rebel Zollicoffer. If the report should prove true, and the gallant Parson is able to maintain himself, this is by far the most important victory the Union has yet gained. Henry Fry and Jacob Henseler, Unionists, were hung at Greenville, Tennessee, on the 30th of November, for bridge-burning.

Capture of a Battery of Five Guns by Seventeen Men.

A number of reconnoissances have been made from Hilton Head, resulting in the discovery of a number of deserted fortifications. A considerable work, mounting five guns and held by 200 rebels, on Ladies' Island, about seven miles from Beaufort, was discovered and taken by 17 of the 70th Highland regiment. The scouting party did not discover it until close upon it; they then fired a volley at it from a piece of woods near. The rebels fired one shell at the party, and, probably, supposing that the attacking force was large, all took to their heels, and were rapidly lost sight of in the distance. Capt. Faulkner advanced and spiked the guns, but did not consider it advisable to hold the position with his small force.

Important Order in Missouri.

Maj.-Gen. Halleck has issued an important order to his commanding officers in Missouri, directing them to arrest and hold in confinement every one found in arms against the Government, or those who, in any way, give aid to the rebels; and ordering that all persons found within the lines of the army, in disguise as loyal citizens, and giving information to the enemy, and all those taken from the ranks of the rebels in actual service, shall not be treated as prisoners of war, but as spies, and shall be shot. He further orders that the Provost Marshals of St. Louis shall take in charge the numbers of Union families who are crowding into that city—having been plundered and driven from their homes by the rebels—and quarter them upon avowed Secessionists, charging the expense of their board to them, on the ground that, although they have not themselves plundered and driven forth these unfortunate people, they are giving aid and comfort to those who have done so.

Order from the Secretary of the Treasury.

A very important order has been issued by Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the seizure of the property of the rebels, and the disposal of slaves who may come into the Union lines. It provides that there shall be agents appointed in the different places conquered by our arms, who shall secure and prepare for market the cotton, rice and such other products as may be seized, and that the naval and military authorities shall aid in this work. Slaves—or, in the euphemism of the Secretary, "persons held to service for life under State laws"—may be employed by the agents, and will be organized for systematized labor, in securing and preparing for market their products. Pay-rolls will be prepared, and a just compensation allowed to these laborers, the amount to be fixed by the agent, and approved by the military commandant and the Secretary of the Treasury. An inventory of all stock, and a record of all products taken will be carefully made by the agents and officers. The cotton and other goods will be shipped to this city for market, and accounts will be settled by the Secretary of the Treasury. The agents must so transact business that as little injury as possible may accrue to loyal citizens, or those who, within reasonable time, may assume the character of loyal citizens.



THE SOUTHERN EXPEDITION—GRAVES OF THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE NATIONAL FORCES KILLED ON THE 7TH NOVEMBER, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE PORTS OF PORT ROYAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 70.

EX-SENATOR GWIN.

WILLIAM MACKENDRY GWIN, the gentleman whose name has thus prominently been brought before the public in connection with the rebellion, was born on the 9th of October, 1805, in Sumner county, Tennessee. He is the son of a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. James Gwin, who enjoyed a wide celebrity in the South-western States, and whose calling and experience led him to desire that his son should be furnished with a thorough education. His father placed him under competent instructors, and himself superintended his mental training. He was drilled in mathematics, and early displayed an aptitude for geometrical discussions. He finally graduated in the Medical School of Transylvania University. For some time he pursued his profession in Nashville, Tennessee, and was subsequently admitted to the bar; but he never practiced in the legal profession.

Early in life Mr. Gwin was favored with the friendship of General Jackson, who knew him from his infancy, and had observed with pleasure the development of his mind. His industrious habits and strict reliability suited the old hero, who, during his Presidency in 1833, appointed him to the responsible position of United States Marshal for the State of Mississippi. Unfortunately this office afterward proved almost ruinous to his private fortune. He was continued in this position during the Presidency of General Jackson and under Mr. Van Buren. When President Harrison came into office, Mr. Gwin resigned his Marshalship, and became a candidate for Congress. The district in which he resided had just given a majority of 2,500 votes for General Harrison; but in the contest for Congress, Mr. Gwin's popularity was great enough to secure his election on the Democratic ticket, by a similar majority of 2,500 votes, and he was duly returned to serve as a Representative in the Twenty-seventh Congress. During his term of service in the House he gained a prominent position by his devotion to the interests of his constituents. At the close of his term he was renominated unanimously, but it became necessary for him to decline a re-election. While pursuing his private business, Dr. Gwin was appointed in 1847, by President Polk, to superintend the erection of the Custom-House at New Orleans, which post he filled during Mr. Polk's term, and resigned on the change of Administration consequent on the election of General Taylor to the Presidency. Upon resigning the Superintendency of the New Orleans Custom House, he removed to California, towards which the eyes of the American people had been turned by the marvellous tales of gold-finding which were just then exciting the world. He was among the early settlers of that wonderful country, and from the first took an interest in its welfare. In the winter of 1848 it became evident that some steps must be taken by the people of California to save themselves from utter anarchy. Society was disorganized; there was no State Government nor any Municipal authority; the treasury of San Francisco was empty; rogues and gamblers were apparently masters of the entire country, and the only image of authority was a military Governor, who had no sufficient force to carry out his mandates. In this condition of things General Riley issued a proclamation to the people of California, directing them, among other things, to choose 37 delegates to form a State Constitution. Although there was a strong opposition to this course—and at one time a disposition to resist it—yet, with great efforts, the people were brought to see the necessity for arriving at a State Government through some mode; and Dr. Gwin, who had been untiring in his efforts to promote the interests of the Territory, was rewarded by receiving 1,073 votes for delegate to the Convention to form the State Constitution.

The election for delegates was held on the 1st of August, 1849; the Convention met at Monterey on the 1st of September, the Constitution was finished and signed on the 13th of October, and on the 13th of November it was adopted by the people, and John C. Fremont and William M. Gwin were chosen United States Senators to accompany the instrument to Washington. Thus in less than four months the community passed from a condition of perfect lawlessness into the order of a State, with a Constitution afterwards (on the 9th of September, 1850), ratified by Congress, and the machinery of a government which soon reduced society to tolerable system. Mr. Gwin, on his passage from California, was arrested on board the steamer, by order of General Sumner, in command of a detachment of regulars, who was also a passenger, and on his arrival in New York was committed to Fort Lafayette on a charge of treason.

It is said that Mr. Gwin has been released from captivity at the request of Mr. Prentice, of Louisville, upon his parole to do no act derogatory to the interests or subversive of the Government of the United States. His unconditional release, we understand, depends on his taking an oath to the same effect.

VIEW IN FORT WALKER.

We have given so full a description of this fort on page 22, and an illustration on page 25, that we have now merely to add that our view is taken inside the fort, looking to the interior of Hilton Island. We also give a map of this fertile spot, with the requisite details. Fort Walker is now nearly surrounded on its land side by the National camp, which has been strengthened by earthworks, extending across the island. Camp Sherman is, therefore, protected by Seal Creek on the west, Fort Welles, lately called Fort Walker, on the north, the Atlantic on the east, and by this entrenchment on the south.

THE REV. THOS. P. HUNT,

Chaplain of the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment.

THE REV. THOMAS P. HUNT, the venerable Chaplain of the 8th Pennsylvania Regiment, whose portrait we publish, is the oldest and most remarkable man filling that situation in the whole army. He was born in Charlotte county, Virginia, December 24, 1794. A severe illness in infancy resulted in the bodily deformity which he has carried with him through life. His father died when he was about three years old, and a feeble and sickly childhood was spent in the almost exclusive companionship and with the tender care of a devoted mother, a woman of extraordinary force of character, piety and cultivation. He graduated at Hampden Sydney College in 1813. Upon his

leaving that institution he was engaged for some time in teaching. He then returned to it as a resident graduate. Afterward he studied theology under the care of Rev. Drs. Hage and John B. Rice. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Hanover in 1824. His first settlement was soon after made in Brunswick, Va. In 1827 he emancipated all his slaves, thus voluntarily descending from an easy affluence to absolute poverty. The same year he was called as pastor to the capitol of North Carolina, where he remained till 1830, when he accepted the agency of the State Temperance Society. In 1834 he was invited to New York city, where his preaching and his lectures on temperance were much appreciated. After a stay of nearly two years he went to Philadelphia on the same mission.

In 1840 he removed from Philadelphia to Wyoming, Luzern county, Penn., where he has since resided.

With characteristic promptitude and self-sacrifice, upon the organization of the 8th Pennsylvania Regiment, he at once, though just on the point of starting to take charge of a church near New York city, to which he had recently been called, offered himself as Chaplain, and was accepted. His great ability, large and varied experience with men; his extensive range of practical knowledge; his ready and witty, yet powerful and earnest eloquence, and above all his active sympathy, render him the man for the place, and fit him not only for the soldier's preacher, but the soldier's friend.



WM. M. GWIN, LATE U. S. SENATOR FOR CALIFORNIA, NOW UNDER ARREST ON A CHARGE OF TREASON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE GRAVES OF THE SLAIN HEROES AT HILTON ISLAND, S.C.

A SHORT distance from Fort Welles, or Walker, is a little grove which will long be famous in our history, as the burial-place of those gallant men who have died for the Republic. Indeed, they are the first patriots who have consecrated with their blood the pestilent mould of South Carolina. Here sleep the immortal eight, who fell, as Nelson and Lawrence did, in the discharge of their duty. These men are the quiet heroes who do their work and die; how unlike those who, after some harmless achievement, take luxurious quarters in Fifth Avenue Hotels, and invite the gobemouches of Gotham to join them in singing "Let us Cackle!"

The following are the inscriptions on the tombs of these men:

In Memory of
ALEXANDER CHAMBERS,
Who fell on board the United States ship *Bienville*, in an engagement with the Rebel battery, off Hilton Island, November 7, 1861.

PATRICK MCGUGGAR.

Sacred to the Memory of
BARTON GERRELD,
Aged 25 years.
Killed on board the United States ship *Pawnee*, November 7, 1861.

W. N. FITZHU.

To the Memory of
WILLIAM PRICE,
Of New Jersey, killed in action on board the United States steamship *Susquehanna*, at Hilton Island, November 7, 1861.

JOHN P. CLARK.

Sacred to the Memory of
THOMAS JACKSON,
Coxswain, United States Flagship *Wabash*,
Aged 23 years,
Killed November 7, 1861, while bravely working his gun in the attack upon the Hilton Head and Bay Point forts, Port Royal, S. C.

In Memory of

Assistant-Engineer JOHN M. WHITTEMORE,
Killed November 7, 1861, on board the United States steamship *Mohican*, during the battle of Hilton Head.

We cannot more appropriately close our record of these brave men than in the words of Collins:

"Sweet sleep the brave, who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest."

NEGROES FROM BEAUFORT

Coming into the National Camp.

AMONG the many fallacies which the present conflict has exploded, is the often vaunted boast of the Southerners that the slaves were so attached to their masters, that they would follow them to the world's end; in short, to parody old Samuel Rogers's verses on Melancholy:

"There was such a charm in slavery,
Men would not if they could be free."

Our Artist has sent us a very racy sketch of the spectacle presented by the "emancipated contrabands" on the fourth day after the hegira of their Southern masters, which put Sambo, Dinah and the picaninies in the position of Selkirk on his desolate island—lords of all they surveyed. It was evident that honesty had not been one of the lessons inculcated by the Southern chivalry, for every one of the colored persons were loaded with some articles which they had never paid for; in point of fact, much as it may wound the feelings of a thorough-dyed Abolitionist, these descendants of Ham had stolen the goods. In our Artist's visit to Beaufort we have narrated the terrible picture of devastation presented to his sight wherever he entered any of the deserted houses. Mirrors smashed, pianos gutted, beds ripped open, carpets covered with filth, in a word, a foul pandemonium had been created in a few hours by these unhappy wretches, whose only idea of possession was to destroy what they could not steal. This, in fact, is quite sufficient to show on what a volcano every community rests which has slavery for a basis.

VIEW IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE effects of the Great Naval Expedition are being felt all over the realms of Secession. It was first manifested by the return of Southern regiments from their grand camp in Virginia, then in the abortive fortifications thrown up at various points, and the self-inflicted blockade of Savannah by the recent sinking of hulks at the entrance of Savannah river. The burning of their cotton and rice crops is another confession of rebel weakness; but however they may reckon on the defence offered by Fort Pulaski or the stoppage of the river, the inhabitants of Savannah, who made so gallant a resistance to the British in the old days, evidently have no faith in their ability to protect their own city, hence their flight from their homes, as represented in our sketch. No more eloquent and emphatic sermon condemnatory of Secession could be preached than the living scene we this day illustrate.

Savannah, the largest city of Georgia, has a population of about 18,000 whites and 13,000 blacks, and is situated upon the south bank of Savannah river, 18 miles from the sea. Its site is a sandy terrace, some 40 feet above low water mark. It is regularly built, with streets so wide and unpaved, and so full of delightful little parks, that, but for the extent and elegance of its buildings, it has more the appearance of a mammoth village. There are no less than 24 little green square parks scattered through the city, and most of the streets are lined with the fragrant flowering China tree, or the Pride of India, while Broad and Bay streets have each four grand rows of trees and a double carriage way, with broad walks on the outside and promenade between.

Such is the paradise the Satan of the South is driving their Adams and Eves from.

U.S. WAR STEAMER MISSISSIPPI
Firing into a Confederate Steamer off Ship Island.

AMONG the many places which have been lately occupied by the National forces, and drawing closer and tighter the cordon which must inevitably strangle Secession, is Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, situate about 30 miles north of the Chandeleur group, in the direct path of the Lake Borgne, or northern entrance to New Orleans. Ship Island is in what is called Mississippi Sound, the channel generally used by vessels proceeding from Mobile Bay to the Crescent City. It has a fort, on which the National flag now waves, and a lighthouse, which has been rebuilt since our re-occupation. Our sketch represents the U. S. war steamer *Mississippi* firing at a rebel war steamer, which, on the 6th November, made its appearance, on its way from New Orleans, to run the blockade, or else to reconnoitre.

MAP OF HILTON HEAD ISLAND.

IN our paper of the 7th we gave a description of this island, which precludes the necessity of an extended reference here. The map shows its topography, and the positions of the various works erected on it, including the small ones at its southern extremity abandoned by the rebels. The new lines raised by our troops in the rear of Fort Welles form a principal feature in the map. They have been built under the direction of Captain Gilmore, of the Engineers. A correspondent observes of them: "According to the lay of the land here, there is a space of about half a mile between the woods on the outskirts of our camp, which woods run all along

the beach to within 500 yards of the fort, before you come to the 'bayou' or 'creek,' and extend about one mile distant inland from the beach. Here Captain Gilmore has dug an entrenchment reaching over and filling the entire space between the woods and the 'bayou,' which makes us completely shaded from any enemy who might try to surprise us or retake the fort. In fact, our whole army are encamped in a fort itself, for the guns of Captain Hamilton's battery (formerly General Sherman's), six in number—four six-pound rifled Parrott guns, and two brass cannon, are just behind the entrenchment, and in ten minutes could be put into such a position that all the army of the South could not surprise us."

Among the buildings which have been erected by our troops is a large storehouse enclosing a hollow square, the front and rear measuring 500 feet each, and the ends one-half the front, or 250 feet. These are filled with Quartermasters' or subsistence stores, and are in charge of Captain H. A. Hascall, A. Q. M., and Captain Morgan, Commissary, of Subsistence. Directly south of these are stables, with stalls for 1,000 horses, built in like manner, enclosing a hollow square, which square is used for wagons when coming in at night—a regular horse barracks. In front of the headquarters and between it and the fort looms up a work of masonry—"The Ovens"—capable of baking bread enough for an army of 20,000 men. Altogether, Hilton Head Island is a very different looking place from what it was on the 1st of November.

THE PROPOSED NEW BOUNDARIES OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND AND DELAWARE.

THE present war, began more in sorrow than in anger by the North, is now assuming a stern and vindictive aspect. Conciliation having signally failed, gives place to retribution. The guilty harbors of Savannah and Charleston are by this time sealed to foreign commerce by the silent agency of the stone fleet. Annexed we give the Secretary of War's plan for punishing Virginia, by a thorough revision of the boundaries of Delaware and Maryland, and the creation of a new State, thus literally wiping the guilty Old Dominion out of political existence. Mr. Cameron's plan proposes that Delaware should be made compact, by comprising the entire peninsula—its boundaries being north Pennsylvania, west the Chesapeake, and east the Atlantic. This would hand over to the faithful little State all that Maryland and Virginia hold in the peninsula. Maryland, also, is to give to the new State the two counties of Washington and Alleghany, while she receives in return the entire of Virginia south to North Carolina, and west to the Blue Ridge Mountains. The new State will therefore consist of the two counties of Washington and Alleghany, now belonging to Maryland, and all to the west of the Blue Ridge. A glance at the map on page 74 will make the matter plain. This, of course, is only a suggestion of Mr. Cameron's, and will require the consent of Congress, the President and the confirmation of the States themselves, before it can be carried into effect. Should Mr. Cameron's plan be carried out, the three States of Delaware, Maryland and Kanawha or New Virginia, will thus be constituted:

Delaware now.....	112,218
Add from Virginia.....	25,418
" Maryland.....	145,139
	171,547
Reorganized Delaware.....	283,765
Maryland now.....	687,034
Add from Virginia.....	1,005,197
Less, given to Delaware.....	145,109
New State.....	60,322
	205,431
Reorganized Maryland.....	700,766
	1,486,500

Virginia, or Kanawha, from Old Virginia,	564,408
57 counties.....	60,322
Add from Maryland.....	624,790
New Virginia.....	

Thus taking from the Old Dominion 148 counties and 1,590,083 inhabitants as follows:

Delaware.....2 Counties.....	25,418
Maryland.....89.....	1,005,197
Virginia or Kanawha 57.....	504,408
148	1,590,083

ART, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

"THE POLICY OF FRANCE AND OF HUMANITY IN THE AMERICAN CONFLICT" is the title of a pamphlet just published by M. Barillon, a Lyons official and silk manufacturer. He writes 40 pages to prove that disunion is the inevitable destiny of the American Republic, that the habits of the people and their opposite commercial interests require it, and that Slavery is an enormity which ought to be eradicated, if by no other means than by the force of arms, and, finally, that France is the country which has the arms to do it. Like the author of a preceding pamphlet, he thinks that, since European bayonets will be required to

destroy Slavery in America, it is easier to fight against States than against 34. He therefore goes for disunion!

"SKETCHES IN NORTH AMERICA, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF CONGRESS AND OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION," So Mr. H. Reid entitles a small book, recently published by Longmans, in London, and which appears to be somewhat fairer than most English publications on America. He affects to discover great differences between the Northern, Western and Southern Americans, almost amounting to distinctive nationalities. The Northern, or Yankee, however, he thinks, the best type, with more peculiar features and better ones than in any other section. Of him Mr. Reid says:

"But the Northerner, the New Englander, the real Yankee—in him we see a new race springing up. Spare in face and figure, he is distinguished by a clear, penetrating eye, a singularly intellectual aspect, a frank, open expression, a quick, impulsive, nervous manner; his bearing is marked by restlessness and a sort of explosive energy; there is no repose in his character; one feels quite slow beside a genuine New Englander. His temperament seems in a high degree nervous-sanguine, with the former element preponderating. He has a constant craving for action, for change, for excitement. He is the very embodiment of the spirit of scheming, speculation and enterprise; has faith in himself, goes ahead with a reckless confidence and headlong stick-at-nothingism, and, more, perhaps, than any nation on earth, exemplifies the Scotch saying, 'He will make a spoon or spoil a horn.' He often does spoil the horn; but, with wonderful elasticity, springs up again, perhaps on the very spot where he fell, like a phoenix from the ashes—perhaps in the far West, into which he carries the same dash and daring. An American and Nova Scotian were discoursing of banking, after the crisis of 1857. The latter was praising the banking system pursued in his province, in which, he said, the banks never fail. 'What, sir,' said the lively Yankee, 'your banks never fail? The people can have no enterprise.' That remark is a perfect picture of the disposition of the New Englander. He is a great character; he has made New England the envy and admiration of all Americans; and has filled the great West with his genius and his institutions."

AN electric spark of induction, produced by Ruhmkorff's great machine at Paris, has pierced through a plate of crown glass nearly two inches thick, and another nearly one and a half inch thick. Those plates were recently laid before the Academy of Sciences by M. Faye, who stated that such thick plates had never before been pierced by the spark of induction. The holes were fine, and of a somewhat spiral form. There was no trace of fusion or of metallic deposit; and M. Ruhmkorff added that an energetic compression of the substance of the glass appeared to have accompanied the passage of the spark.

AT one of the minor theatres of Vienna, crowded houses are drawn by "A Voyage Around the World," to which the late circumnavigator by the *Novara* has furnished its chief materials. The drop-scene on this occasion is a large map of the world on Mercator's projection, and the scenery, copied from sketches taken on the spot, is justly admired. A virgin forest in New Zealand, in which one of the natives brought home by Dr. Hochstetter is introduced, must be regarded as a triumph of scenic painting.

MRS. EATON, the widow of Gen. Eaton, Secretary of War under Jackson, is now residing in Washington, having recently married an Italian dancing-master of the mature age of 28. The acquaintance sprang up through his teaching her grandchildren.

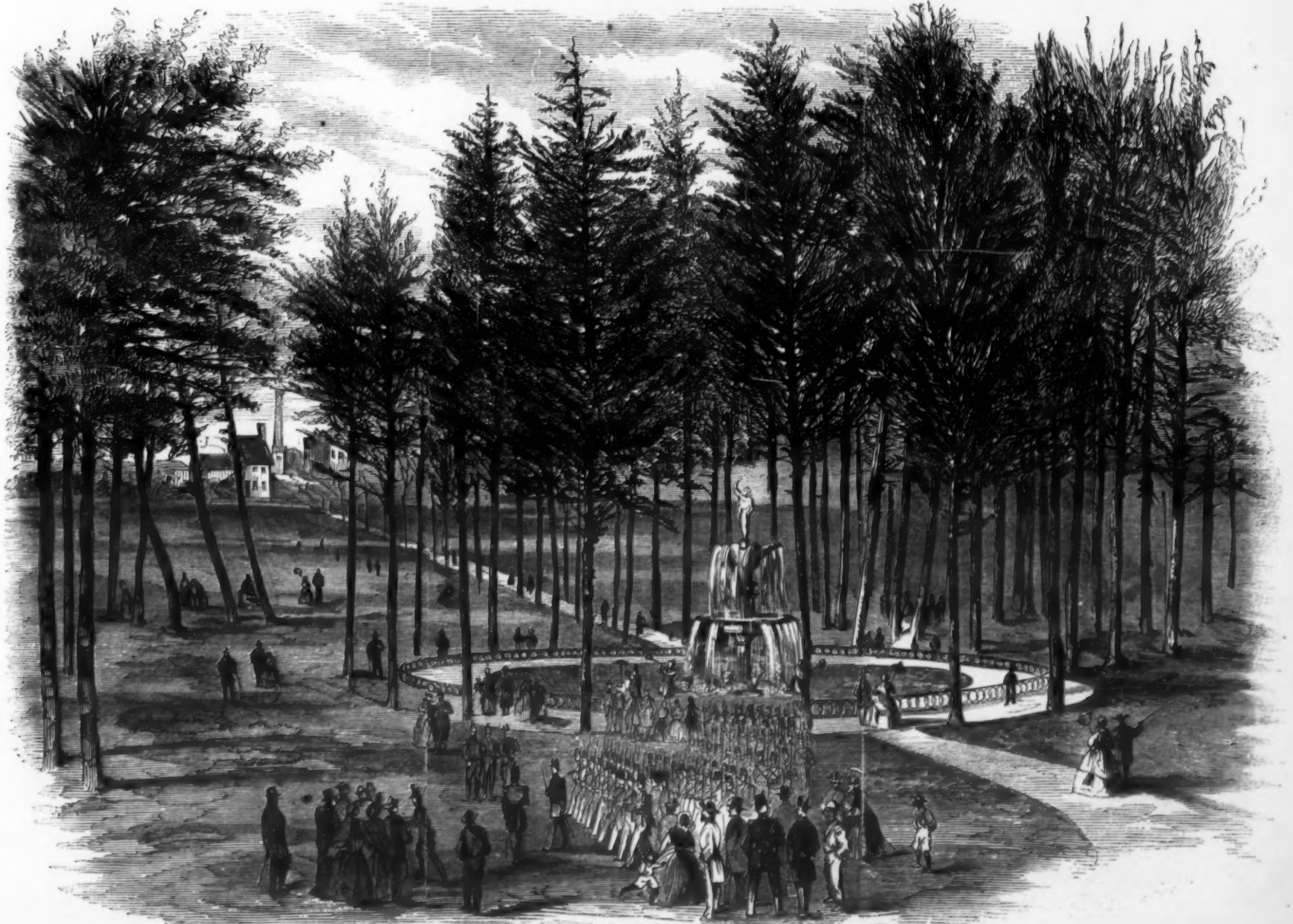
JUDGE CATRON, of Tennessee, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, but still loyal, has arrived in Washington.

PROF. AGASSIZ has received from the Royal Society of London the Copley medal, the chief scientific honor in their gift. This is a gold medal, the fruit of a bequest made by Sir Godfrey Copley, a member of the society, who died in 1709. He left £100, the interest of which was to be given annually to the person who, in the course of the preceding year, had written the best paper on any subject relating to experimental philosophy. It is awarded to Prof. Agassiz for his valuable investigations in various branches of science, especially in Paleontology, and his highly important work on fossil fishes.

LIEUT. G. W. SNYDER, one of the gallant defenders of Fort Sumter under Major Anderson, died lately in Washington of typhoid fever, superinduced by his too arduous labors on the fortifications around the Capital. He graduated at West Point in 1856, with the highest honors.



REV. THOMAS P. HUNT, CHAPLAIN OF THE EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT.



PUBLIC PARK AND FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



SCENE IN THE PRINCIPAL SQUARE OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, ON ARRIVAL OF THE NEWS OF THE OCCUPATION OF TYBEE ISLAND.



ISLAND, MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, BY THE NATIONAL FORCES—INDISCRIMINATE FLIGHT OF INHABITANTS TO THE INTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 70.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY FRANK G. WILLIAMS.

ALAS! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling thro' the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white flags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The footman's form, with bending back.
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic word;
With arms apart I change my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

"The gentleman I mean," continued Grace, turning to account a few random speeches of Victorine's, "is very rich indeed, and keeps a pair of horses. It will be very nice, will it not, Mr. Lodge?"

"Very nice," repeated John, in a voice that might have come from a sepulchre.

"I should like to marry a gentleman above all things," continued Grace, more than ever piqued at his silence; "a man who knows what to say for himself. Besides, Mrs. Ferrars has such grand society in London, and when I have once had a taste of that, it will seem so dull coming back here to nothing and nobody."

"Nothing and nobody," echoed John, in the same chancel-house tone.

"I have been making some new dresses on purpose to go in," said Grace exultingly; "you may be sure I shall set myself off to the best advantage. It is but fair, isn't it, Mr. Lodge? So," continued Grace, "if you never see me again you must not be surprised; and you ought to be very glad that I have such a good opportunity of settling myself in the world."

Have you no pity, Grace? He is stuck as full of piercing daggers as Julius Caesar was. You must not think he has no feeling just because he has sat, like a dummy, to be shot at. Each one of those clumsy wounds will hurt him for a month to come. Fie, Grace! are you thirsting for his blood?

John Lodge had come little prepared for this rude attack. If you had asked him what his feelings were just then, he would have said he hardly knew, but it was most like being met and stabbed. He could bear no more of it, so he got up, and shambled off as well as his wounds would let him.

Grace felt angry that her victim had escaped. She grudged his getting off without the finishing touch. He had, after all, said nothing, and, what was worse, she might have overshot the mark, and driven him away for good. Even lovers do not like to be poignarded.

The next morning Arthur returned home, very much exhausted with over-excitement and fatigue. He wanted cure and sympathy, and called for Grace, but no Grace was to be found. No one knew what had happened to her. Yes, one thing had happened to her; she had, some time ago, locked herself up in the spare bedroom, and had never been heard of since.

Arthur, whose nerves were thoroughly shaken, and who was ready to see a spectre in every corner, ran up-stairs and rapped loudly at

hear how wisely and kindly she would lay his spectre as she did the other. Victorine seemed to be his only safeguard.

Sometimes he thought he would talk to Grace, his mistress of mind was so extreme. He wanted sympathy, and Grace was his sister and loved him dearly. How he wished she was not so uncomfortably domestic! However, he would try.

"Grace, dear," said he, "I want to talk with you."

"Very well," said Grace. "Do wait a minute. I must just finish this button-hole. Now, then, what do you want to say?" And she came to the bedside, her needle in her hand, and making a great knot at the end of the cotton. "Had you not better have your bed made? And your face wants washing dreadfully."

"Never mind my face," said he. "Sit down, Grace; I want to ask you a question."

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"Do you think it possible," said Arthur, his voice trembling very much—"do you think it possible—mind, I do not say it is; but such unaccountable things do happen—do you think it possible that—that a person who has died can appear again?"

"Dear me, Arthur, have you been seeing the ghost of the dead woman?" exclaimed Grace, in a tone of curiosity—"lady, I mean?" she added, correcting herself.

Arthur felt jarred upon through his whole frame. It was impossible to hold any intercourse with Grace; still, he would try again.

"Not exactly a ghost," said he, "but a mysterious vision. If you had seen it should you believe it?"

"Not a bit," she replied. "I should feel sure it was only some one dressed up, or perhaps a walking-stick with a turnip at the top."

"That will do, Grace; I have nothing more to ask," said Arthur, turning over.

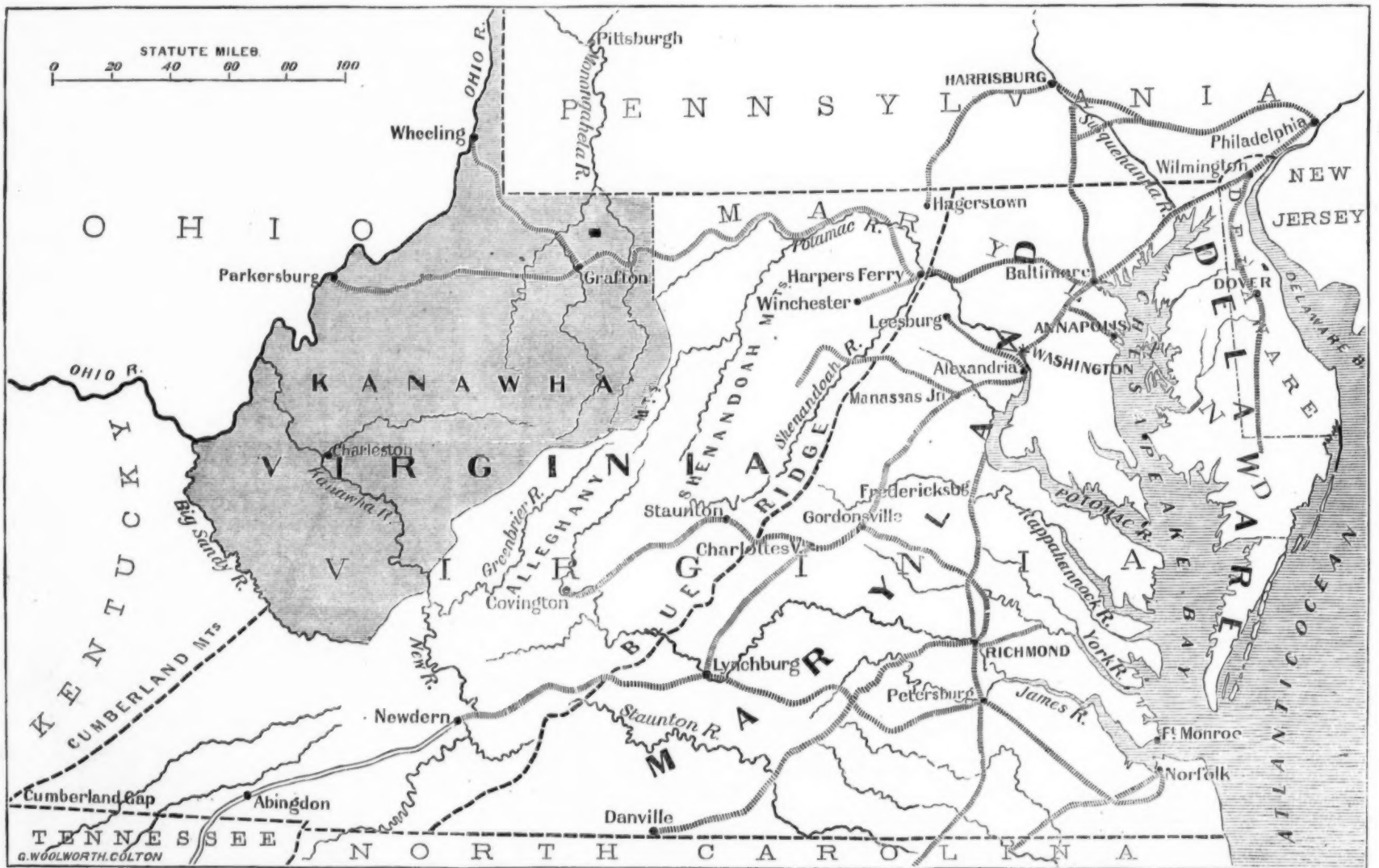
"Then, you will not let me wash your face?" said Grace.

"No, thank you, let me alone," said Arthur, peevishly.

Grace went back to her work in high dudgeon, and rattled her bobbins of cotton more loudly than ever. The greater distance there was between the earthen vessel and the vessel of brass the better.

Arthur gave way to despondency. There was no repose for him from morning till night. He almost wished to die. But deliverance was at hand.

The very next day, just when Grace had driven him distracted by throwing up the cinders on the hearth with a terrible clatter, grumbling all the while about the fire-irons being so "shamefully neglected."



MAP OF THE STATES OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND AND DELAWARE, AS PROPOSED TO BE RE-ORGANIZED BY THE SECRETARY OF WAR.—EE PAGE 71.

LIVING OR DEAD?

A Story Founded upon Fact.

CHAPTER IX.

"I wish I could make him speak out, that I do, and before I go to London. Victorine has a beau, and everybody else will have a beau, and it will be so provoking to be without! And he dangles after me all the time, and getting neither backwards nor forwards! It is immensely tiresome!"

This soliloquy of our friend Grace took place as she was sitting in the cosy little parlor, the day of Arthur's excursion to the park. She had finished her jacket, and had it on, and very well it looked, and fitted her exactly, thanks to Victorine.

Grace was excessively smart with her bows of ribbon, her hair done out into a multitude of curls, and a brooch on her bosom nearly as large as a cheeseplate. She was set on making John Lodge speak his mind, and, like Victorine, she had pressed all her fiery into the service. She reckoned very much on the effect her proposed visit to London would have on the mind of honest John. She meant to try and make him jealous, to shoot as many stinging barbs at him as she could; to talk boastfully of Mrs. Ferrars, and the people she should see at Mrs. Ferrars's house, and to ride completely over his head.

Yes, let her alone; she knew very well what she was about—no one need indignantize her!

Accordingly, no sooner was Mr. John Lodge seated in his accustomed place, his eyes fixed on Grace in their accustomed manner, and his hands in his pockets safe out of the way, than Grace, without any preface whatever, aimed the following clumsy blow at his happiness.

"I am going to London, Mr. Lodge, to see Victorine, and very likely shall get married there."

John opened his eyes as far as they would go, but, beyond what sounded like a gasp, he made no observation whatever.

"Yes," continued Grace, flinging about her in fine style, "Victorine says I'm sure to get married. She told me of a gentleman in particular who would just do."

Still no answer; but eyes and mouth both wide open. More blank dismay could not have been depicted on any human face. The blow had evidently staggered him.

the door. But Grace was still as a mouse. She would not, for the world, have Arthur know what she was doing. He rapped again; then, seriously alarmed, pushed at the door so violently that it flew open, and disclosed the figure of Grace, like the Syracusan phantom, "sweeping, vehemently sweeping," her sleeves tucked up, an apron before her, and on her head a species of cap it would be unbecoming to describe. Grace had a panacea for every woe, a safety-valve that could carry off any amount of irritation. She had more than forgotten the disappointment of yesterday.

"I cannot help it, Arthur!" she exclaimed; "Victorine left the room in such a state, and Jane has not half swept it. The dust lies in the corners an inch thick. Servants are such—"

But Arthur heard no more. He ran down-stairs far more expeditiously than he had come up, and fled into his studio, as if all the householders in creation had been at his heels.

That night Grace was roused from her sleep by the intelligence that Arthur was seriously ill. And very ill he was; for when she went into his room he could not speak a coherent word.

It proved to be a nervous fever, and woe be to the patient with such a disorder whom Grace had to nurse! To be sure, for a few days, while he was at his worst, she did admirably. Her Martha and her Jane were forgotten in the appalling sight of Arthur's restless eyes and the sound of his delirious ravings. But no sooner was he out of danger—and this happened very speedily, for he was young and of an unbroken constitution—than she relapsed into her old ways. She began the skirmishing down stairs, and the cleaning, and the scrubbing, and the scolding, just as actively as ever.

Poor Arthur was entirely at her mercy, and it was astonishing how she contrived to torment him. She would dust his room every morning, taking the precious opportunity of routing out his cupboards and setting them thoroughly to rights. Then, when this was over, and he had fallen into a dose, she would wake him up by bringing her work, and rustling it against her gown, and rattling the bobbins of cotton in her workbox. Then, every quarter of an hour, she would come to the bedside to ask him whether he felt any better, and whether he did not wish to have his face washed.

Poor Arthur was very weary of his illness and of Grace; and yet it would be a long time before he was likely to get rid of either.

He had written at last to Victorine, and had commissioned Grace to send her the news of his illness. He felt as if it were his own bringing on. If he had not looked at his picture the catastrophe might not have happened. It was a disordered brain that had done the mischief. He longed to tell his adventure to Victorine, and to

ed," just when Arthur had requested her to leave the room, and Grace's temper had broken out, and there was going to be a passage-at-arms—in glided Victorine, in an elegant travelling dress, looking the very picture of all that was tranquil, lady-like and benignant. Her entrance brought a feeling of calmness along with it. She made no commotion—she might have been there all along. She merely laid aside her bonnet, and came up to Arthur, and said that she was come to nurse him. And then she bathed his forehead, and drew down the blind, that Grace would have up, that she might see to stitch her wristband, and diffused such a sensation of extreme comfort, that Arthur felt in paradise. She would not let him talk. He must lie passive in her hands. She got rid of Grace, and Grace's work, and took undisputed possession of the room. And oh! it was elysium, the delicious unbroken quietude. Whatever she did was so noiseless, so well timed, so thoughtful. He might well date his recovery from the moment that he saw her.

"How very kind of you to come, Victorine," said he. "How very, very kind! And I do not deserve it. Will you hear my confession?"

"Not till you are better," she replied. "You must keep your conscience hardened a little longer."

"Oh, no, it is that makes me ill!" he exclaimed. "I have been looking at the picture, Victorine."

"I guessed as much," said Victorine. "But we will not talk of the picture now. I want you to admire my bouquet. See, I shall put it on this stand where you can lie and look at it."

"Thanks, dearest, you are my better angel," said he. "But do let me tell you. It will relieve my mind. Victorine, come here. I have seen her again."

Victorine stood beside him, and her face looked ghastly pale.

"Ah, I see you are alarmed," continued Arthur, "but it is a real solemn fact. I have seen her again."

He related the whole story, and by the time he had finished Victorine had sufficiently recovered herself to say, calmly, "I can only repeat what I said before; and this illness convinces me I am right I would have you send away that picture."

Arthur was silent for a few minutes, then said, as if making a great effort, "Yes, Victorine, I will try to send away that picture. Victorine's eyes sparkled with joy."

"But if, when the picture is gone," continued Arthur, with a melancholy smile, "if even then I should see her?"

"That is not likely to happen," said Victorine, quickly; "the spell will be broken."

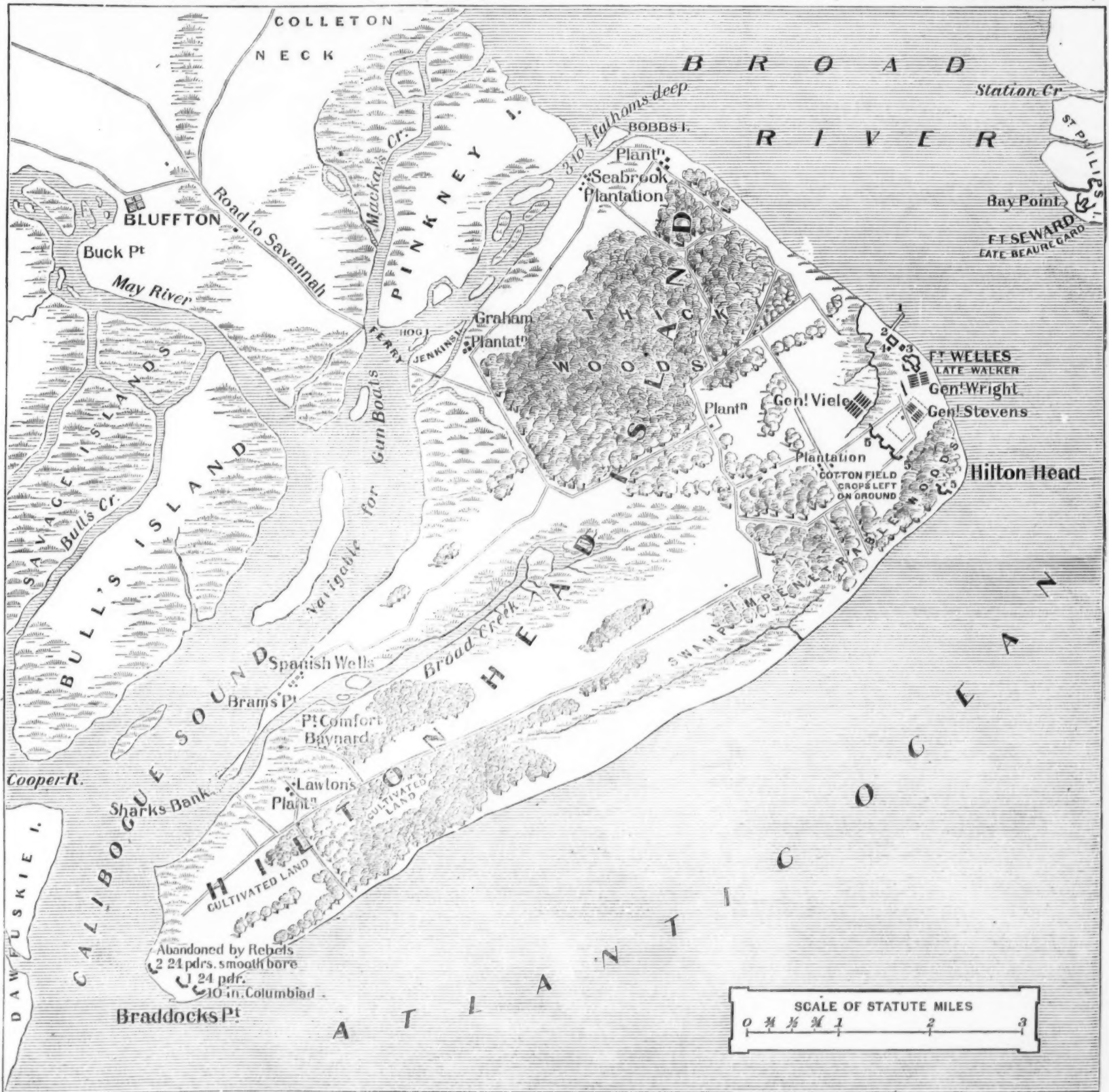
Arthur shook his head.
 "Then I would have you go abroad," said Victorine.
 "Not without you, Victorine," he replied.
 "I will go with you wherever you please," said Victorine, with an irresistible tenderness in her tone and manner.
 "Dearest Victorine! I am cured only by looking at you," said Arthur. "Your face is so kind and so calm. I am afraid my vagaries will weary you."
 "No, no, Arthur, you are more likely to weary of me, and go roaming after your goddess," said Victorine, smiling. "But I will run the risk of that."
 "Especially as she is dead," returned Arthur, with emphasis. The remembrance of this fact comforted Victorine greatly.

CHAPTER X.

"I HOPE you will excuse the observation, Grace; but when we go to places of amusement, it would be as well if you did not stare about you quite so much. It is not usual in a certain rank of life."
 Victorine, for it was she who spoke, was bending over her embroidery frame, in Mrs. Ferrars's drawing-room, and Grace, who never could be made to regard the proprieties of time and place, was mending a stocking, a heap of the same lying before her.
 Arthur was now quite recovered from his illness, and he and Grace were paying the promised visit to Chester Square.

she made no reply, and went on with her embroidery. It was foolish even to attempt arguing with Grace.
 Grace felt angry at being found fault with, and in order to revenge herself, sat mending stockings through a whole bevy of fashionable callers, let out everything she ought to have concealed, talked of dressmaking, and washing, and ironing, and pickling, and preserving—in fact, made herself so odious that Victorine's politeness could hardly carry her through. Then, as soon as the visitors were gone, Grace, who was in a thoroughly tormenting humor, went to harass Arthur, who was painting in the library, about "the state of things," the "goings-on" in that house. She never saw such a place in her whole life, never! It was shamefully dirty. The rooms not a quarter swept; the carpets not taken up from year's end to year's end! She knew, though Arthur did not, that the curtains to his bed were smothered with dust. What those lazy, good-for-nothing servants did, she could not imagine. And as for Victorine—
 "Come, come, Grace! that is quite enough, and more than enough," said Arthur; "I do not wish to hear another word."
 "But you shall hear it!" said Grace. "It is quite right you should know what sort of a woman you are going to marry."
 "Grace!" began Arthur.
 "And that she knows nothing of housekeeping, the least bit in the world," said his sister; "and is as—"
 "Grace!" he said again.
 "Dirty, and untidy behind the scenes—"

"For goodness sake, Grace, hush! or she will hear you," said Victorine. "It is the Honorable Mrs. Dawson."
 "Oh," said Grace; "and is that man with her her husband?"
 But Grace had, by-and-bye, something else to think about. About the middle of the evening there was rather a commotion behind her, and a young man entered the box. He was dressed in the height of the fashion. His white handkerchief scented with musk until the very air was redolent with it, his spyglass in his eye, and his whole appearance that of a consummate dandy.
 "Miss Ferrars! most delighted! charmed! happy!" And he put out a small, white, jewelled hand. "Found you at last. Nothing could be more agreeable. Friends of yours, eh?" And he looked coolly at Grace and Arthur through his eyeglass.
 "Friends from the country, my lord," replied Victorine, making room for him to sit beside her.
 "Oh, indeed! really! ah! most charmed! delighted!" And he smiled benignantly at Arthur, who returned his civility very coldly, and with an inward ejaculation of, "What a confounded puppy!" This might be the young nobleman Victorine had told him of, and the thought jarred upon his feelings.
 "Arthur," whispered Grace, very much excited, and clutching him by the arm, "that is a lord! that is!" and she pointed towards the new comer.
 "Silence, Grace," said Arthur, sternly.
 "But it is," persisted Grace; "Victorine said so; and only see



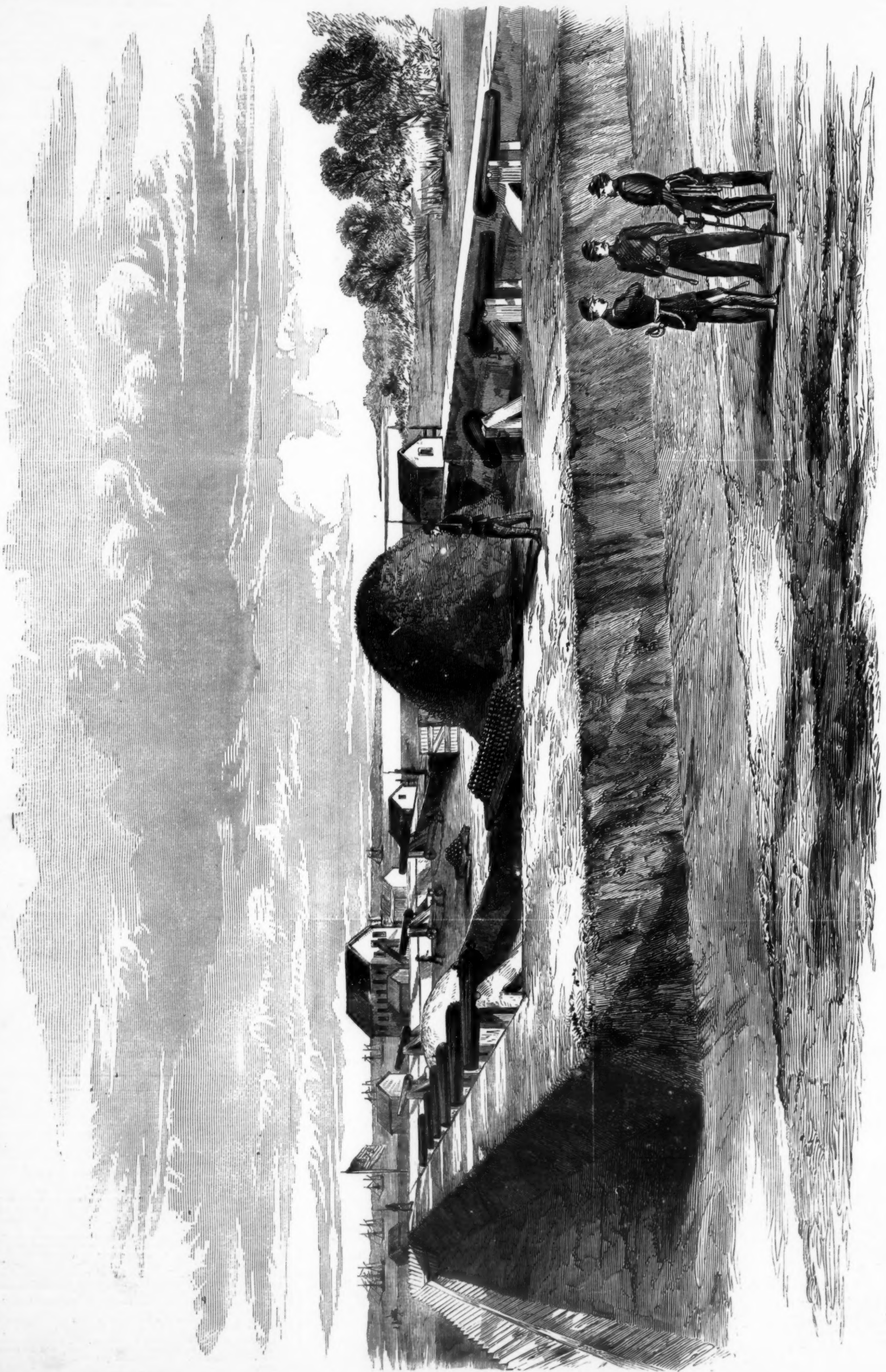
MAP OF HILTON HEAD ISLAND, SHOWING ITS TOPOGRAPHY AND THE VARIOUS WORKS CAPTURED FROM THE REBELS, WITH THE NEW ONES ERECTED BY THE U. S. FORCES. SEE PAGE 71.

"I stare about me, because I have never seen the things before, and I want to look at them," replied Grace, bluntly.
 "It is very natural," continued Victorine; "but it looks countrified. Well-bred persons are supposed to have seen everything before. It is a crime not to have done so in the fashionable world."
 "I never was in the fashion, thank goodness!" cried Grace, biting off the ends of cotton, "and I do not want to be, either. What is the good of coming to London, if one may not look about one?"
 Victorine slightly shrugged her shoulders. "And another thing," she continued, "the popular feeling here is against a violent mixture of colors. If I wore a blue gown, I would dispense with a cherry colored jacket. It is an outrage against taste; Arthur would tell you so."
 "Arthur! What does he know of colors? It is the jacket I made myself, and I mean to wear it, in spite of everybody," said Grace, stoutly.
 "And I should not talk so much of making things yourself, if I were you," pursued Victorine; "young ladies, in good society, do not generally make their own dresses. I should keep that accomplishment in the background."
 "I wonder what young ladies in good society do do?" retorted Grace, rudely. "Nothing but idle their time away over bits of embroidery and muslin work. They do not even keep their houses clean," she added, glancing round the room.
 Victorine raised her handsome eyebrows in token of disdain, but

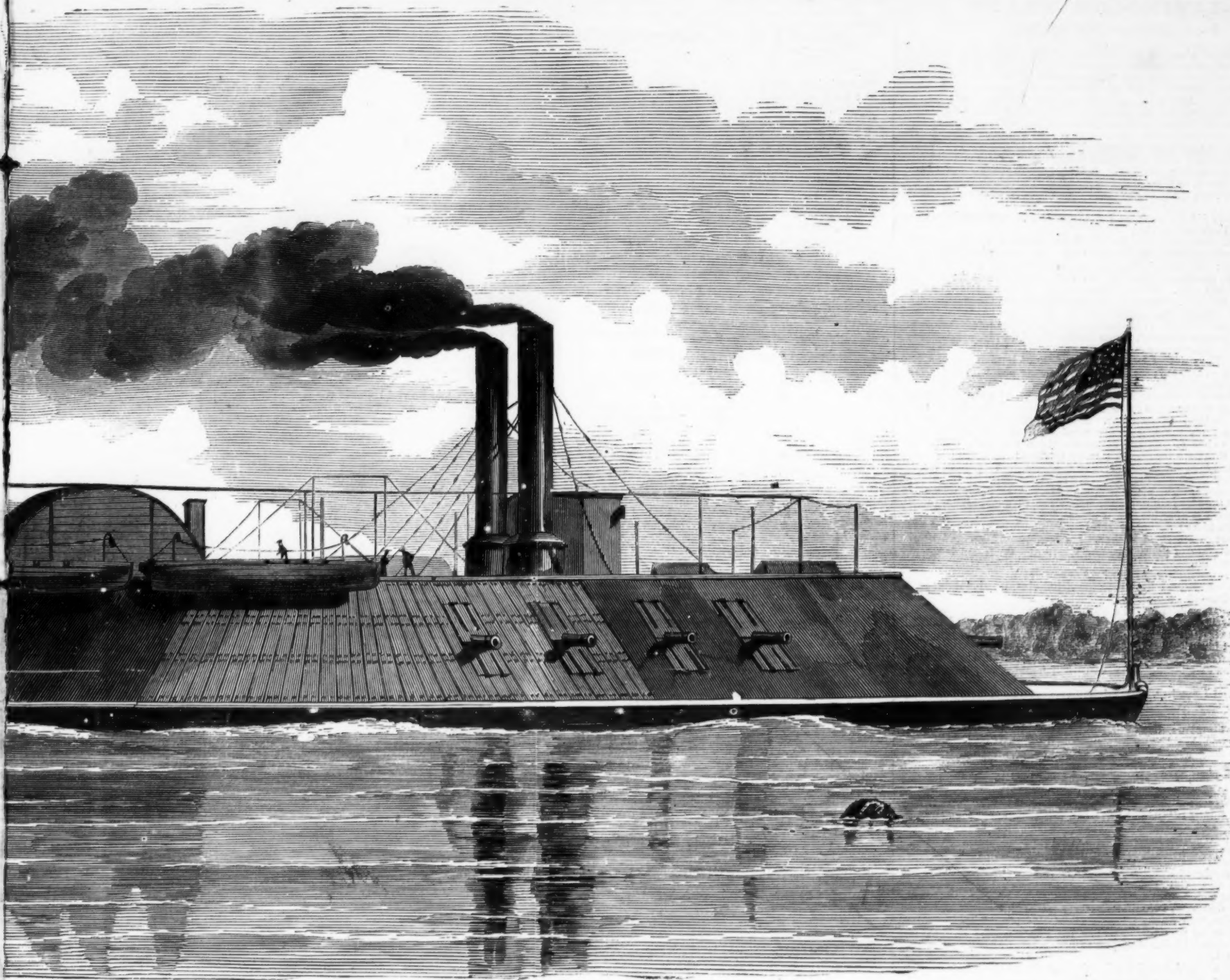
"Grace!" This was loud and angry.
 "As any sloven in the three kingdoms!"
 "Grace, leave the room this instant!" said Arthur; and he rose, and striding to the door, held it open for her.
 He was in his wrathful mood, and she dared not resist him. Out she flounced, resolved to pay him off, and Victorine, too, by going with them to the opera that night, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, and staring about her twice as much as ever. But Arthur was never to be trifled with. He was always a match, and more than a match, for Grace. He would not allow it; and just as they were ready to start he laid his hand on her shoulder.
 "Victorine," said he, "will you be kind enough to make Grace fit to be seen?"
 So Grace had to submit, and to have all her rainbow finery taken off, and to be dressed in simple white, with jessamine in her hair.
 She raged inwardly; but Arthur, the brother, was gone, and that other Arthur had come back, as he always did under extreme provocation, cold, stern and unyielding. Grace knew better than to fight the battle out with him, so she husbanded her revenge for another time.
 But she could stare about her. That small piece of malice was still in her power, and her great round eyes wandered here and there, and took strange liberties with the grandees in the neighboring boxes. Then she was always saying in a loud whisper to Victorine, "Who is that woman there in pink?"

how she is going on with him. I would look sharp after her if I were you. Perhaps she will jilt you."
 "Arthur," said Victorine, "allow me to introduce Lord Wilcox, Lord Wilcox, Mr. Leslie."
 "Most happy to make your acquaintance," Mr. Leslie, said the dandy, showing his white teeth, that glistened like a row of pearls.
 Arthur bowed distantly, and then turned away as if he meant to give his whole attention to what was going on upon the stage. It was "Norma," one of his favorite operas. He had heard it many times before, but could never weary of its deep, passionate, thrilling pathos. It would have absorbed his whole attention now, if he had not been placed in circumstances so utterly distracting.
 It was evident that Victorine and Lord Wilcox were on excellent terms with each other. Victorine looked provokingly handsome, and she made herself remarkably agreeable—more agreeable, Arthur thought, than there was the least necessity for.
 What was Lord Wilcox to Arthur Leslie's affianced bride? Nothing whatever. And yet, how she smiles at him, and how witty and brilliant she is! Why need she have put on that becoming dress to-night, of all others? She did not the last time they were here. Confound him! how he stares at her through his eyeglass! How he admires her! How he whispers in her ear. They need not keep up that horrid chattering. They need not put their heads so close together.

(Continued on page 76)

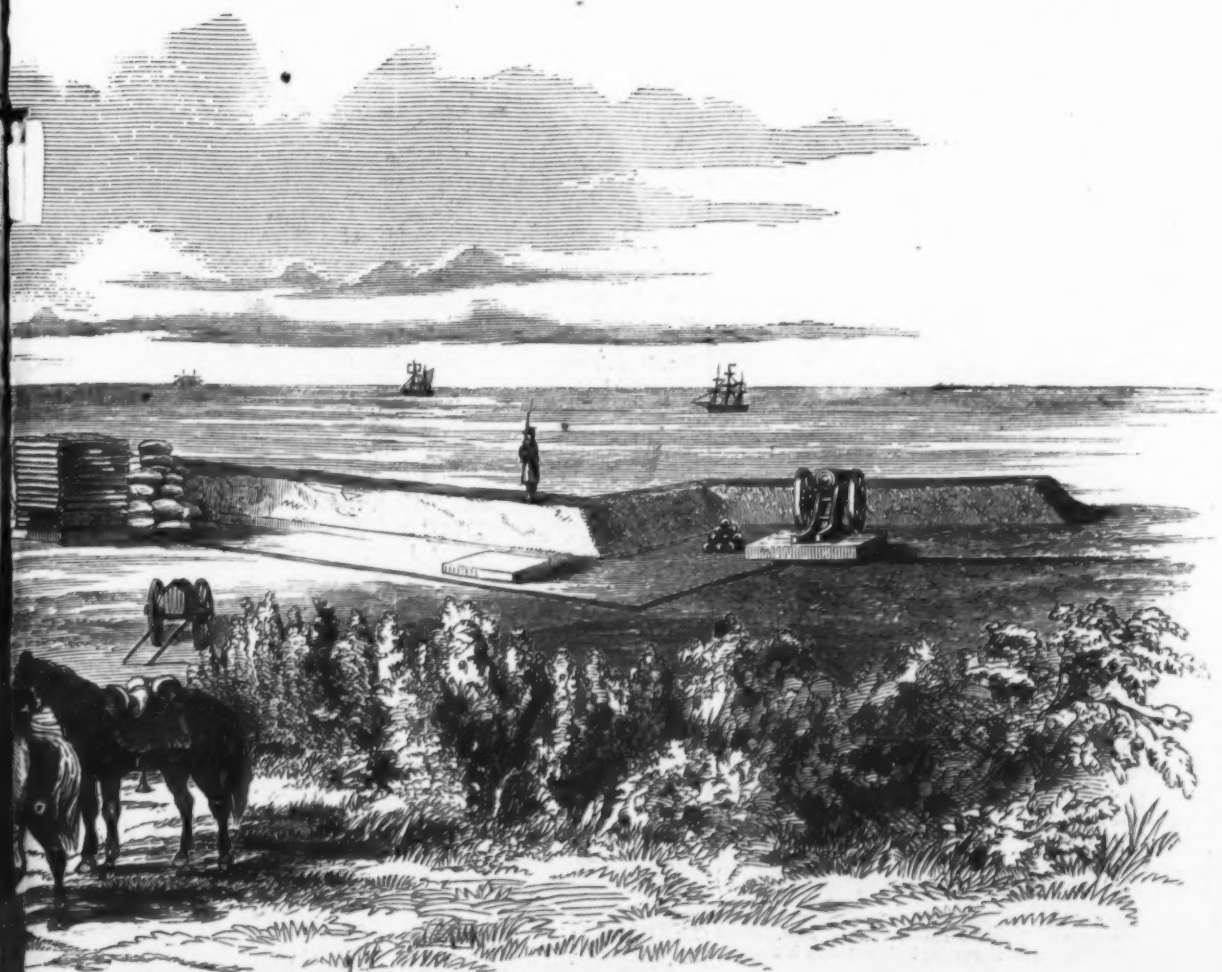


THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF FORT BEAUREGARD (NOW FORT SEWARD) ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND. Route to Savannah, Ga. Route to Beaufort, S. C. —FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL SHERMAN'S COMMAND.



St. Louis.

FOR THE DESCENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL HALLECK'S COMMAND.



W SEWARD), BAY POINT, PORT ROYAL, HELD BY THE NATIONAL TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL EXPEDITION.

ers, one of the finest regiments in the service. It is commanded now by Lieutenant-Colonel Noble, an excellent officer. There is no doubt that under his able lead the tartan warriors of the New World will emulate the glory won by their kinsmen in the Peninsula and the Crimea.

A METEORIC RING IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

ASTRONOMICAL discoveries are constant and interesting; but among them none is more striking and interesting than that of the existence of a vast ring of meteoric bodies, computed at 300,000,000,000 in number, which revolve around the sun in the same manner as the planets and asteroids of our system, and in a fixed plane of their own. The existence of this ring accounts for the meteoric displays, the annual recurrence of which has been remarked by almost every one. The essential facts connected with the discovery are embodied in two valuable papers published in the November number of the *American Journal of Science and Art*, from Professors Twining and Newton, of which the subjoined paragraphs are a rapid and popularized summary:

"It may now be regarded as a new and startling feature of the solar system, that there is at least one ring of meteoric formations surrounding the sun, which has a regular revolution. The recurrence of meteoric display in August of each year is explained by the fact that the earth passes at that time through the ring, and the contact of its formations with our atmosphere renders them visible in combustion. The article of Professor Newton presents the fact that the inclination of the ring to the ecliptic has been measured, and so far fixed as to render it certain that the meteors of other known annual recurrence cannot belong to the same ring. Whether other rings exist or not, remains to be shown, but this for the present may be regarded as ascertained, that a meteoric ring, with an inclination of from 54 to 96° to the ecliptic, and with a periodic time of 281 days, actually forms an important part of the solar system; that the world passes through this ring annually in August, and is several days in passing from side to side, so that its thickness is 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 miles.

"The general reader will perhaps understand this discovery better by placing it in very simple language. Most persons are already familiar with the fact that meteors, or shooting stars, as they are often called, are annually visible in great quantities during the month of August on certain nights. On any one of those nights, two or three persons, watching the sky, may count from 100 to 200 of them in an hour or two. It may now be taken as an ascertained fact in astronomy, that these meteors, which consist of various minerals, are a few, out of many millions of millions, which are located in a great ring that surrounds the sun, and is as regular in its revolution as the earth or any planet. Professor Newton, taking one morning's observation, makes a rough calculation that there are more than 300,000,000,000 of these bodies in a ring.

"It is just half a century since the Nebular Hypothesis of Sir William Herschel startled the thinking world, and for a long time scientific men believed the theory of growing suns and planets, formed from misty, impalpable matter, accumulating around centres of revolution. The Rosse telescope, resolving nearly all the known nebulae into groups of stars, exploded that theory. A little while ago we learned that, in a wide space in our own system, where a planet might have found its place, there were vast asteroids, whose number we are yearly increasing, which follow, as it were, in the orbit of the lost planet, like fragments of an exploded sphere.

"And now, we have this ring of meteoric bodies, lying in an orbit around the solar centre, the orbit itself, by some convulsion, hurled out of its place, so that our own planet now passes through it; as if, in some former period, a planet had rushed flaming along its course of destruction and vanished, leaving its track marked for ever after with the strewn fragments of its material.

"Hitherto we have searched space for stars and planets. Hereafter, possibly, we may look successfully here and there among the vast hosts of heaven for the ruins of planets and systems which have accomplished their mission, and whose fires have burned low and gone out in remote and unknown periods."

LIVING OR DEAD?

(Continued from page 75.)

How hot the place is, to be sure! Arthur hates this flutter of feathers and lace—this congregation of fops and fools. No one thinks of rationally listening to the music. That would be too fashionable. So these geese must cackle, and these peacocks show their feathers. Arthur was getting horribly jealous, quite into an excited state of mind; the more so as Victorine took no notice of his airs, but let him enjoy them entirely to himself.

"Grace, as usual, made matters worse by putting a finger in the pie. She was constantly whispering, 'Only look, Arthur! Well, I never! I wonder what will come next.' " "I am quite sure Victorine means to marry him. A lord is a lord, you know, Arthur." "I should not like it if I were you. Everybody will say she and Lord Wilcox are going to make a match of it. Look at her now, Arthur."

But Arthur did not look and did not hear. Another object had presented itself before him.

In one of the boxes, not far off, there seemed to rise up, as if by magic, so strange and unlooked-for was the apparition, a tall, majestic figure; and the sight of a magnificent face, and tresses of golden hair, caused a tremor to run through his whole frame. He turned ghostly pale. He held his breath in wonder. His eyes were riveted on the spot. Strange that this dead Constance should be ever at his side, that the tomb should be so slight a barrier. Behold her in all her beauty! It is she herself—she whose image has never departed from his memory, whom he has loved deeply, passionately, hopelessly! Let the gay scene flutter before him; let the rich music pour its swelling notes; let the delineation of human passion and human woe go forward; let Victorine trifle as she will, and Grace fling her clumsy arrows, it matters nothing. He is looking on his idol—his Juno! There is no one present with him but Constance. The place is empty of aught but her, and her beauty fills it most entirely. He longs to reach her. He would stretch out his arms to her, but he feels paralyzed. He would call to her, but his voice would not be heard. He prays that the vision may last. He would look upon that face for ever—it is so glorious! But alas! another moment, and it is not there. It has departed, just as it did before, and he is left alone and desolate. There is nothing of interest here now she is gone. The place is a solitude. It is intolerable. He will go out, and he rose up; and, under the plea of fatigue, the result of weakness after his recent illness, left the house.

It was late before the party returned, and Victorine went at once to the library in search of Arthur. He was pacing up and down, almost in a state of delirium. She closed the door, and came and stood before him.

"What is the matter, Arthur? Are you ill?" "I have seen her—I have seen her!" he cried, passionately. "It is no delusion—she was there!"

Victorine started, and gave a slight shudder.

"Her glorious face, and hair like an angel's, rose up before me," he continued; "then, as it always does, the vision faded just when it was most beautiful. I followed, thinking to find her. Oh, fool! When she was no reality, but a phantom! Victorine, I am mad!"

"Come and sit down," said Victorine, "and let me reason with you."

"I tell you I saw her, as I might see you. I am past reasoning with. She must live! She shall live!" cried Arthur, passionately.

"Hush, hush, Arthur, you are impious!" said Victorine.

"No, not impious, but despairing," he replied. "I tell you she lives—she was there! Can a spirit wear the garb of mortality as she did? Are their eyes bright, and their lips vermilion? Can they live and walk, and breathe, and go out and come in amongst us, and be of us? Then, if they cannot, Constance is no phantom, but a reality."

"You saw her tomb, and the old man told you she was dead," said Victorine, calmly; "the proofs of her death are too obstinate to be overcome. The wealth of a world could not bring her back."

"Ah! I knew what you would say," returned Arthur. "You give me no hope. You are remorseless, Victorine—remorseless as the very grave!"

"From my heart I pity you," said Victorine. "I would bring her back if I could, even at the purchase of my life's happiness. You forget," she added, with a mixture of pride and tenderness that became her admirably, "you forget she is my rival."

"Victorine, bear with me," said Arthur, tenderly. "This phantom tapers with my reason. It mocks me like a fiend. Moreover, it brings delirium with it. Can you forgive me!" he said, and he held out his hand.

She took his cold, trembling hands, and chafed them in hers. "For your own sake, Arthur, cannot you shake off this delusion?" said Victorine. "Cannot your strong will hold it in check?"

"I have tried, but it comes and comes again," he replied. "Did it not flash upon me in the churchyard, then in my very chamber, and now in that crowded assembly? The strength of a nation could not keep it back."

"You must do as I advised, and try change of scene," said Victorine.

"What would that avail?" he cried. "She has an angel's wing, and would follow me from shore to shore. Her very beauty has undone me!"

"Be calm, Arthur. You have ventured into the world too soon," said Victorine. "This is a physical derangement, and will only yield to returning strength. You must get strength—bodily strength, I mean."

"How can I," he asked, "when my mind is broken in upon by this phantom, lovely but terrible?"

"You are young, Arthur," said Victorine, "and youth can live down many an enemy. This phantom will be left behind presently, and we shall get into a serene atmosphere. Let me, at least, advise one remedy—rest, sleep, it is almost daylight."

"I cannot sleep," he replied; "it is folly to think of sleep to-night."

"Lie down, at all events," said Victorine, "and I will sing to you."

"But you want rest," said he. "Sleep would come to you. There would be no phantom to drive it away."

"There are anxious thoughts that would," she replied. "Besides, I am not tired. I would rather sing than sleep."

Arthur did not oppose her. She placed cushions under his aching head, and then sat down beside him, just as she was, in her white dress, and the jewels in her hair. Her voice was wonderfully sweet, no syren's could be sweeter. And she sang some verses of a German ballad:

THE water rush'd, the water swell'd, the fisher sat thereby;
Cold and cruel his heart within, with keen and cautious eye
His angle and bait in the wave he cast, and watch'd there quietly!

Silent he sits and lies in wait, when lo! with sudden might
The restless flood divides again, forth starts a lady bright;
All dripping from the foaming tide, she rises before his sight.

To him she spoke, to him she sang, "Wherefore dost thou decoy
My brood so dear, and their small lives with craft of man destroy?
Ah! knowest thou this little fish, how happy in the sea,
The great deep sea, he sporteth now, thou wouldst descend with me."

Do not the moon and the dear sun refresh themselves alway,
And longing, turn their faces bright to where my waters play?
Allures thee not this azure sky within the ocean blue,
And thine own aspect, strangely given, in the eternal dew?"

The water rush'd, the water swell'd, it touch'd his naked feet;
His heart o'erflow'd with music, and with her singing sweet,
As though his distant dear one he did fondly greet.

She spoke to him, she sang to him, she stole his life away;
Half drew she him, half sank he then, within the foaming spray,
And in her cold embrace the fisher pass'd away!

Victorine had won the game, and was determined she would not be baffled by a phantom.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day, and the next, Arthur kept his room, and Victorine devoted herself to him with the same affectionate tenderness that she had done before. She moved about with the same noiseless tread, and her presence had the same tranquillizing effect. Arthur's nerves were shattered, his mind unbinged; it seemed doubtful what the result of these repeated attacks would be, and yet to ward them off was impossible. Who could guard him from a spectre? Constance was a more potent enemy than Victorine had dreamed of.

But she disputed the ground with her, inch by inch. She redoubled her exertions, and taxed her powers to the very utmost to bring his mind into some degree of calmness.

"You take a great deal of trouble, Victorine," said her mother to her one day—"about Arthur, I mean. I should advise him to consult a physician, Dr. Boudler, for instance, and see what can be done."

"That is just what I have been saying to him," replied Victorine; "but he sets doctors at defiance. He is decidedly better, if the paroxysm, or whatever you choose to call it, does not return."

"If he goes on in this way it will be a serious matter, Victorine. You had better think a little," said Mrs. Ferrars, anxiously.

"I am thinking every step of the way, mamma," replied Victorine.

"Well, my dear," continued her mother, "of course you know your own affairs best. I have no wish to interfere; but, considering the uncertainty of poor dear Arthur's health, I would not let the world look upon your engagement to him as a settled thing. It would be so unpleasant afterwards. Do you not think so?"

"Exceedingly unpleasant, mamma," said Victorine.

"Well, my dear," continued Mrs. Ferrars, "as far as poor dear Arthur is concerned, we know he is the very soul of honor and uprightness; but with this terrible malady, or whatever else it may be, it is not possible to rely upon him, as if he were in a sounder state of health. That, in my mind, is a sad drawback to your happiness. Has it never occurred to you?"

"The time is not come for it to occur to me, mamma," said Victorine, smiling coldly.

It was a smile that, like a deadly blight, seemed to wither her beauty. Her face did not look the same with that smile upon it. Another moment, and she was by Arthur's side, all softness, and serenity.

Arthur was lying on the sofa in the drawing-room; he hated to have Victorine out of his sight, and felt childishly impatient for her to come back. He was getting quite a tyrant in his way, and as exigent as he could be. Perhaps his unreasonableness grew with indulgence. He was petted like a child, and was becoming fully as capricious.

"I want you to sing to me again, Victorine," said he, half pettishly.

"With all my heart," she replied. "But what shall it be?"

"Anything you like," said Arthur, "provided it is sweet and plaintive."

She sat down and sang, and when she had finished, he asked her to sing again; and she sang again without the least appearance of effort or fatigue.

Victorine's untiring energy was amongst her strongest weapons. But Arthur's right to her undivided attention was about to be disputed. It was getting towards the hour for morning visitors, and the first of these was, to Arthur's extreme annoyance, Lord Wilcox. In he came, his whiskers and his hair in a state of perfection—his cambric handkerchief as scented with musk as ever—his white glistening teeth and jewelled hand displayed with the same consummate foppiness. And truly, if there was a fop on earth, Arthur thought that fop was Francis, Lord Wilcox.

Arthur rose, and bowed stiffly; then, on the plea of indisposition, retreated to an easy chair at the further end of the room, and did not trouble himself to join in the conversation. There was no one on earth he less wished to see than this lord. That one interview in the opera-house Arthur thought was enough to place a gulf between them for ever. He began to feel jealous and excited, even as he sat and looked at him, and listened to his frivolous conversation. Only to hear him! Fine words drop from his mouth like jewels. His adjectives are enough to set all the other parts of speech against him. Arthur wonders where he comes from, and why such a puppy need live!

"Delighted to see you looking so charmingly this morning, Miss Ferrars. Suffered no fatigue, I hope! Delicious music; exquisite opera." And he curled his whiskers neatly round his finger.

"What does he know of the opera?" grumbled Arthur in his corner. "He was far too much occupied with his own dainty person. Upon my word, this scent of musk is enough to make one faint."

Arthur was getting yellow already. With the musk? That is the question.

"You will be at Lady Dashwood's ball, of course," continued the dandy, wholly unconscious of the contemptuous glances directed at him from the corner; "it will be a perfect galaxy of beauty."

"You will be there, I suppose, my lord?" said Victorine, smiling. "Oh, certainly," he replied. "I always was a worshipper at the shrine of beauty. I shall certainly be there." And he switched his bright little boots with his cane. "Talking of beauty," he continued, "did you see that Venus who condescended to come down from the Olympian heights and visit the opera-house the other evening?"

"Your language is too classical, my lord," said Victorine, laughing. "I cannot understand it."

"Did not you see her?" he asked. "Oh, she was marvellous! Venus herself could hardly compare with her! Such a stately creature. Such a—" He stopped and eyed Arthur with some degree of alarm. "I do not like the looks of that gentleman in the corner," he continued, in a whisper; "is he quite right—here, you know?" and he tapped his forehead with the handle of his cane.

"Oh yes, perfectly right," replied Victorine, in a low tone. "Pray go on, my lord. I like to hear a handsome woman well described." "Well, then," said he, "she was so majestic, so graceful! And her eyes so large and so blue. Heavens, what eyes! Juno's were nothing to them! and her hair! You have heard of golden hair—this lady's—"

"Stay!" cried Arthur, starting up in his chair, and fixing his eyes on Lord Wilcox with a wildness that was, to say the least of it, rather appalling. "Who talks to me of golden hair, and a majestic form? Do you know of whom you are speaking?"

"Dear me, hope no offence, sir!" said Lord Wilcox. "Upon my honor know nothing of the lady except that her name was Starfield—yes, Starfield—extraordinary name for such a—a won't say it again, sir, on my honor will not, and the little terrified lord bowed himself nearly to the door.

"Because she is dead," said Arthur; "dead, for all her golden hair and her majestic form. For all she walks and moves, and you can almost hear the trailing of her garments, and see the heaving of her bosom. She is dead!—I have seen her dead!" he repeated, and he walked up and down the room violently excited.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it, sir," said Lord Wilcox, meekly, and clutching his hat between both his hands. "Miss Ferrars—very sorry—have an engagement—long past the time—very sorry—delighted to see you looking so charmingly. Your most humble obedient servant, Mr. Leslie," and with a profound obeisance to Arthur he backed towards the door.

Victorine followed Lord Wilcox into the library.

"I am most grieved at what has occurred, my lord," said Victorine. "I assure you—"

"Ah! Miss Ferrars—most distressing case! A maniac, is he not?" said Lord Wilcox, and his teeth chattered with fright.

"No, not so bad as that," replied Victorine. "He is a young artist, who once took the portrait of a lady after she was dead, and fell in love with her. He fancies she appears to him occasionally, and after these apparitions he is very much excited. It is an extraordinary case."

"Dear me," said her companion, "most unsafe! Ought to have a keeper. Bedlam is the only place for a man who sees ghosts."

"His father was a very old friend of mamma's, so we feel some degree of interest in him," continued Victorine. "It was thought change of scene would do him good, but I am afraid it has not effected much at present."

"And does he go about loose?" asked Lord Wilcox, with some anxiety.

"Oh, he is quite harmless," replied Victorine; "you need not be afraid of him in the least."

"Well, I—I am no coward, confound me if I am," said Lord Wilcox; "but really this sort of thing is very unpleasant. Maniacs—"

"He is not a maniac. It is only a monomania," said Victorine, quickly.

"It is all the same thing," replied Lord Wilcox, shrugging his shoulders. "I cannot say I like maniacs of any kind. Good heavens, Miss Ferrars! there he is coming! What will become of us?"

"You need be under no anxiety," began Victorine.

"No, no! do not let him in!" cried Lord Wilcox, darting forward to the door, and turning the key. "There, at all events we are safe

for the present," he added. "I have a great horror of mad people, Miss Ferrars. The very sight of them makes my blood run cold; and a dangerous lunatic like Mr. Leslie—hark!" said he, and he retreated as far from the door as he could get.

"Let me in, Victorine; are you there?" said Arthur on the outside; "and is that odious lord gone?"

"Do you hear that?" whispered Lord Wilcox, under his breath. "He is like all the rest of them—takes a violent dislike—lies in wait—murders—who knows? Oh, I am a lost man!"

"Hush, my lord," said Victorine. "Arthur is as feeble as a child from recent illness."

"Who are you whispering to, Victorine?" said Arthur. "Bless me! what a trail of musk that puppy has left behind him! Why do you not open the door, Victorine?"

"Pray do not, Miss Ferrars; have some compassion," cried Lord Wilcox, holding her back.

"I assure you, my lord, there is not the slightest danger," said Victorine.

"I insist on knowing who you are whispering to, Victorine, and why you are locked in," cried Arthur, shaking the door in his irritation.

"He will burst it open in a minute," said Lord Wilcox. "Oh! what will become of me? Is there no way out?"

"There is an outlet through that door," replied Victorine; "but it is locked, and I have not the key."

"And is there no place where you could hide me?" said Lord Wilcox. "I do not mind where."

"There is a closet, my lord, if you, an English nobleman, do not scorn the idea of getting into it," said Victorine, with some disdain.

"What is that about a lord? Are you going to hide any one in the closet, Victorine?" said Arthur, again shaking the door, and getting more and more impatient.

"Arthur," said Victorine, coaxingly, "go back into the drawing-room, will you? It is not convenient for me to open the door this minute."

"Who have you with you?" he asked.

"Not any one," she replied; "it is your fancy. I am writing a letter of business, and do not wish to be disturbed."

"I should not disturb you," said Arthur. "I should only sit reading. I have left my book on the table; besides, I am sure you have somebody with you."

"Arthur! Arthur!" she cried, "how prone you are to delusions! Do you doubt my word?"

"I have never had occasion before," he replied. "But I am certain I heard voices."

"You are certain you see faces sometimes, are you not?" she asked.

"Are you going to remind me of my misfortune?" said he. "That is scarcely generous, Victorine."

"Because, for once, Arthur, I wish to get rid of you," said Victorine. "You are hindering me in a letter of importance."

"Promise me one thing," said he, "and I will go."

"What is it?" she asked.

"That you will not let that odious lord in again," he replied.

"Indeed, Arthur, you owe me some apology for treating my visitors so rudely," said Victorine. "He is gone away seriously alarmed."

"Oh! he is gone then?" said Arthur, much relieved. "Why need he begin to talk to me of Constance? Is the whole world haunted by her?"

"It was not Constance," said Victorine. "Other women may be beautiful and have golden hair. You are really very trying this morning, Arthur."

"Well, well, I will go," said Arthur; "but I am not quite satisfied, Victorine." And he went back to the drawing-room.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

LIEUT. FAIRFAX, of the San Jacinto, has been presented with a silver goblet by the crew of that vessel. It is beautifully engraved with national, military and naval devices, one design representing the sailing of the San Jacinto and the Trent. It bears the inscription—"Presented to Lieut. Fairfax by the crew of the San Jacinto, as a slight token of their esteem and love."

CAPT. THOMAS, the famous "French Lady" of a while ago, has become insane at Fort McHenry. He amuses himself by sticking matches into cracks in the floor, tables and chairs, arranged in the form of the regiments, battalions and companies, which he styles the opposing armies. He does the fighting with a long stick, and closes with igniting the matches, which represents to him the burning of Washington by shells from the rebel guns.

CAPT. WILKES attended a meeting of the New York Historical Society on the evening of December 3. He sat upon the platform, and for some time his presence was unknown to the audience. When the list was announced, the whole audience sprang to their feet, waved hats and handkerchiefs, and gave cheer after cheer. By the suggestion of Mr. Bradish, president of the society, Capt. Wilkes was immediately elected an honorary member.

CAPT. HOLLINS, the hero of the attack on our fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi, it is stated, has fallen into disgrace at New Orleans. On the strength of his despatch the city went into a general illumination; but the people, on looking into the details, could not discover the brilliancy of the exploit, and now give Hollins the cold shoulder.

REV. PHINEAS RICE, D. D., an aged and highly esteemed Minister of the M. E. Church, died on the 5th inst. at his residence in Newburgh, New York. For more than half a century he has been widely and favorably known as one of the leading ministers of his denomination.

GENERAL DUMONT, who has served with distinction in Western Virginia, has been assigned a command in Kentucky. His column will consist of the 3d, 6th and 24th Ohio, and 16th and 17th Indiana.

HON. CHARLES J. FAULKNER, our late Minister to France, has been released from confinement at Fort Warren, on his parole. He will proceed South and endeavor to procure a similar release of Hon. Alfred Ely, to return to custody within thirty days if he does not succeed in his errand.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE Bowling Green (Ky. and rebel) Courier, of the 26th of November, says that a party of rebels went on the 26th to Franklin, to arrest some dozen Unionists. The latter retired within a house and fired, killing one rebel, when the remainder set fire to the house, burning it and all the Unionists therein.

THE Richmond (Va.) Dispatch groans over Southern dependence on the North. It says: "We are informed by one of our principal publishers that the demand for Yankee books is not affected by the war, and that a few days ago he had an order for a considerable number of a Yankee Arithmetic, although his shelves are filled with a work by an eminent Southern scholar, which is confessed to be the best in the language. How long a war will it require to win this people from dependence upon the North? Better it should last for ever than that the priceless blood already shed should have been shed in vain. As soon as this war is over, a Northern horde of salesmen will overrun the land, or come here to live, and vote down our liberties at the polls. If we do not make provision in our law to prevent these objects, Southern independence is an idle dream."

A LETTER from Mobile, which was captured at Port Royal, contains the following paragraph: "Mobile has sent her sons to the war by thousands. We were a voting population of about 4,000 men, and we have now in Virginia two regiments, 1,800; in Missouri, one company of cavalry, 110 men; in Florida, three companies, 300 men; at Bayou la Batre, one cavalry company, 92 men; Coast Guard (one regiment, range from Perdido to Rio Grande), 1,500 men; State Guard (fire brigade), 700 men—in all under arms, 4,002 men."

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A PRIVATE letter from an officer of a blockading vessel off Ocracoke Inlet states that the sinking of three schooners, laden with stone, in the inlet, has positively barred the entrance to Pamlico Sound against the passage of all vessels.

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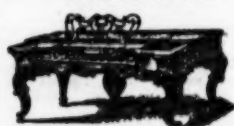
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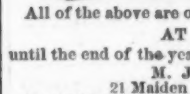
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